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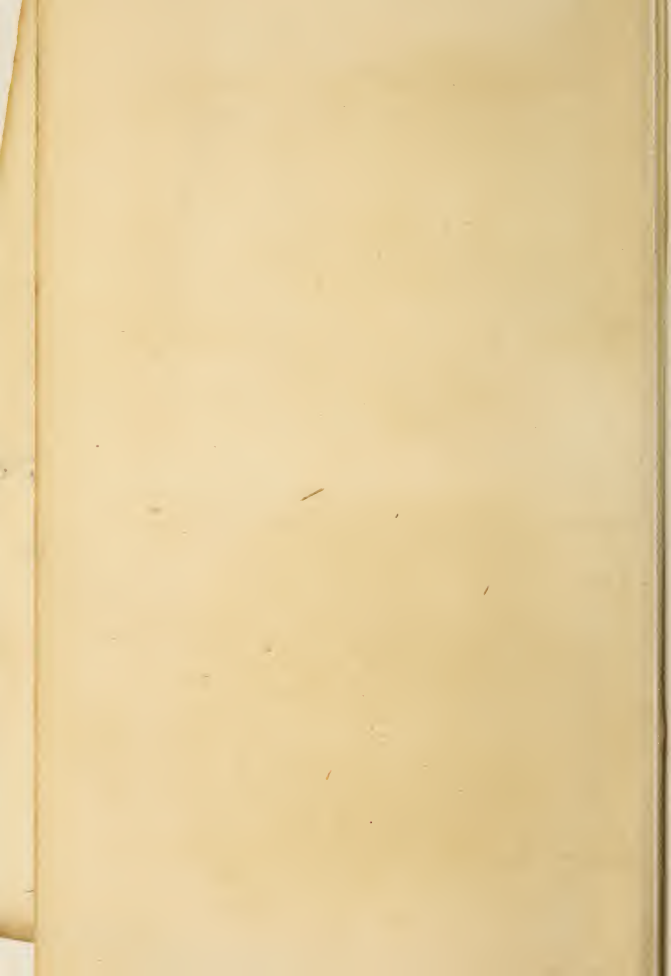
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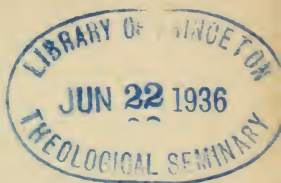






# COLLECTION OF HYMNS

FOR



## PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

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PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN  
JOINT SYNOD OF OHIO.

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SECOND EDITION.

COLUMBUS:

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE OHIO STATE JOURNAL CO.  
1855.



## PREFACE.

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IN accordance with the wishes of the *Eastern, Western and Northern Districts* of the *Evangelical Lutheran Joint Synod of Ohio and adjacent States*, as expressed by various resolutions, the several Committees, appointed by them respectively, engaged in the preparation of this hymn-book.

The above-named Districts felt unwilling, for various reasons, to introduce the General Synod's collection of hymns. Besides, the hymn-book, published by the Joint Synod of Ohio in 1845, is out of print, and not so well adapted to the wants of our congregations as desirable. These considerations induced them to instruct their Committees to prepare a new collection of hymns, without special reference to any particular hymn-book now in use, and with a view to meet, as nearly as practicable, the views of the churches in their connection. This action has since been confirmed and adopted by the Joint Synod.

It is thought that this book will, in some measure, satisfy the existing want, although the Committee feel constrained to acknowledge that, with more time, and a better field to select from, than our rather barren English hymnology, their work could have been much improved, and brought into closer conformity with the peculiar wants of the Lutheran Church. This will account for the fact that they were not able more fully to comply with their instructions "to adapt the hymn-book to the ecclesiastical year."

The materials employed in this work were derived, to a considerable extent, from the principal collections used by different denominations, and largely from various other sources. It will be seen that many of the best hymns now in use are embodied in this book, and that a considerable number of the hymns are translated from the German; several of them being versions of LUTHER'S own vigorous productions. The Committee availed themselves of the best translations they could find; in some cases they ventured to prepare new versions themselves; and occasionally they introduced later hymns from distinguished authors, which had not yet appeared in any collection. A few original productions were also added.

The additional figures, at the head of each hymn, designate the metre according to a new plan, introduced in the "Cantica Sacra," a new music-book, which, it is expected, will be introduced in many of our congregations.

The Committee indulge the hope that this humble effort will, in some degree, meet the views and wants of those interested in its publication, and that the blessing of the Lord, whose praise and glory it is designed to promote among men, may accompany their imperfect work, and prepare the pilgrim of the earth to sing more perfect praise unto the Triune God in the Church triumphant.

THE COMMITTEE.

## LIST

*Of principal corrections and alterations from 1st Edition.*

- HYMN 64. A verse added after 2d verse.  
64. 2d line, 3d verse in 1st Edition, For "*Life*" insert *Sight*.  
122. 4th line, 4th verse, After "*Sou's*," insert *well*.  
159. 1st line, 2d verse, For "*had*," insert *have*.  
159. 2d line, 3d verse, "*His*," should be *his*.  
207. 5th line, 3d verse, should be, *And angels bright escape  
our sight*.  
208. 5th line, 5th verse, For "*may*," insert *let*.  
209. 2d part. 3d line, 4th verse, For "*lip's*," insert *lips*.  
216. 3d line, 5th verse, For "*the young*," insert *are the*.  
216. 4th line, 5th verse, For "*the*," insert *is*.  
223. 1st line, 2d verse, should be, *This world is loveless—but  
above*.  
240. 4th line, 4th verse, For "*Their rays*," insert *That light*.  
303. 2d line, 1st verse, "*He*," should be *he*.  
317. 1st line, 4th verse, For "*that*," insert *Who*.



# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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## I. PRAISE TO GOD.

## II. WORKS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

## III. REDEMPTION.

1. FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.
2. THE REDEEMER.
3. GRACE.
4. GOSPEL CALL.
5. PENITENCE.
6. FAITH.
7. JUSTIFICATION.

## IV. THE CHURCH.

1. IN GENERAL.
2. PUBLIC WORSHIP AND LORD'S DAY.
3. PASTORAL.
4. CONGREGATIONAL.
5. CONFIRMATION.
6. MISSIONARY.

## V. FESTIVALS.

1. ADVENT.
2. NATIVITY, (Christmas.)
3. NEW YEAR.
4. EPIPHANY.
5. PASSION, (Good Friday.)
6. EASTER.
7. ASCENSION.
8. PENTECOST, (Whitsunday.)
9. TRINITY.
10. REFORMATION.

## VI. THE MEANS OF GRACE.

1. THE WORD OF GOD.
2. BAPTISM.
3. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

## VII. THE CHRISTIAN.

1. HOLINESS AND PRAYER.
2. VARIOUS RELATIONS AND AFFECTIONS.

## VIII. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

1. THE FAMILY AND SCHOOLS.
2. NATIONAL RELATIONS.
3. THANKSGIVING AND THE SEASONS.
4. DAILY DEVOTION.

## IX. CONSUMMATION.

1. DEATH.
2. RESURRECTION.
3. JUDGMENT.
4. ETERNITY.

# HYMNS.

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## I. Praise to God.

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1

*Te Deum Laudamus.*

P. M

O LORD! we would praise thee,  
O Lord! thanks we raise thee!  
Thee, Father th' eternal One,  
Praise all beneath the sun;  
All angels and th' heav'nly host  
Vying who may praise Thee most;  
All Cherubim and Seraphim  
Ever tuning the lofty hymn;  
    "Holy art thou, our God!  
    Holy art thou, our God!  
    Holy art thou, our God!  
    Jehovah Sabaoth!"

2 Thy glorious power and mighty name  
Rise over heaven and nature's frame.  
The holy twelve apostles all,  
The prophets Thou of old didst call,  
The martyrs' goodly company  
Send up their hymns of praise to thee.  
All Christendom, with one accord,  
Exalt and praise their common Lord—  
Thee, Father, on thy lofty throne,  
Thy well beloved only Son:

The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
They praise and honor evermore.

- 3 Lord Jesus Christ, thou king of glory,  
God's only Son, we would adore thee,  
The infant of the virgin born  
To save the human race forlorn :  
Thou didst the power of death destroy,  
And ope the gates of heav'nly joy ;  
Thou sittest there at God's right hand,  
Invested with supreme command ;  
Thou art the future judge to be  
Of quick and dead from earth and sea.
- 4 Now help us, Lord, thy servants here,  
Whom thou hast sav'd with blood so dear,  
Grant us in heav'n a place of rest,  
Among thy saints forever blest.  
Lord Jesus ! bless thy heritage  
And shield thy church from age to age,  
Protect us while we sojourn here,  
Then raise us to a loftier sphere.
- 5 Daily, our God, we'll sing thy praise,  
And bless thy name throughout our days.  
Defend us, Lord, throughout this day  
From sin and ev'ry dang'rous way :  
Be gracious unto us, O Lord !  
Thy grace in time of need afford.  
Thy mercy toward us ever show,  
Our only hope while here below.  
Dear Lord ! our hopes all rest in thee,  
Forsake us not eternally. Amen.

2 *Praise for Preservation and Redemption. C. M.—4 No. 3.*

YE humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise  
For he is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care ;  
In him we live and move :  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms ;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;  
On this our hope relies ;  
A safe defense, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard  
The souls who trust in thee ;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thine almighty love  
What honors shall we raise  
Not all the raptur'd songs above  
Can render equal praise.

3

*Praise for the Mercies of God.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

GIVE to our God immortal praise!  
G Mercy and truth are all his ways.  
Wonders of grace to God belong :  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high.  
Wonders of grace to God belong :  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave.  
Wonders of grace to God belong :  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat ;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

4 *Lobe den Herrn den mächtigen König.* 14's 4, 7, 8—5 No. 10.

PRAISE thou the Lord, the omnipotent monarch  
of glory ;

Join in, my soul, with the heavenly choir in their  
story ;

Come and partake ;

Psalt'ry and harp also wake,

Sing the Creator's great glory !

2 Praise thou the Lord, who e'er ruleth and guideth  
all surely ;

Over life's pathway, so fearful, He leads thee  
securely ;

Ever He sends

Mercies and blessings and friends ;

Then from thy heart thank Him truly.

3 Praise thou the Lord, who hath fearfully, won-  
drously made thee,

Health has vouchsafed, and when heedlessly falling  
hath stayed thee ;

Fainting and weak,

When not a word thou couldst speak,

Wings of His mercy did shade thee.

4 Praise thou the Lord, who thy life hath so visibly  
guided,

Streams of free grace, in His son, for thy sin hath  
provided ;

Plain to thy view,

God, the Almighty and True,

Ne'er from His child is divided.

- 5 Praise thou the Lord, and forget all his benefits  
 never;  
 Swell the loud chorus, ye chosen, till broad as a  
 river,  
 Upward it stream;  
 Soul, O forget not this theme,  
 Praise Him, O praise Him forever.

5

*Exhortation to Praise.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

- COME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing!  
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
 The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;  
 He gave the seas their bound;  
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;  
 Come, bow before the Lord:  
 We are his works and not our own;  
 He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
 Nor dare provoke his rod;  
 Come, like the people of his choice,  
 And own your gracious God!
- 6



6

*Songs of praise.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
 O Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work begun,  
 When he spake and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
 Songs of praise arose when he  
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heav'n and earth must pass away ;  
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
 God will make new heav'ns and earth ;  
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
 No : — the church delights to raise  
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
 Learning here by faith and love,  
 Songs of praise to sing above.

7

*Praise for mercies.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
 Let all within me join,  
 And aid my tongue to bless his name  
 Whose favors are divine.

- 2 'Tis he forgives thy sins ;  
     'Tis he relieves thy pain ;  
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
     And gives thee strength again.
- 3 He crowns thy life with love,  
     When rescued from the grave,  
 He, that redeemed our souls from death,  
     Hath boundless power to save.
- 4 He fills the poor with good ;  
     He gives the suff'ers rest.  
 The Lord hath justice for the proud,  
     And mercy for th' oppressed.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways  
     He made by Moses known ;  
 But sent the world his truth and grace  
     By his beloved Son.
- 6 O bless the Lord, my soul !  
     Nor let his mercies lie  
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
     And without praises die.

8

*Nun danket alle Gott !*

6's, 7's—8 No. 8

NOW all, to God give thanks,  
 With hearts, and hands and voices !  
 'Tis He, whose wondrous grace  
     All, ev'ry where, rejoices ;  
 From birth, through helpless years,  
     He bore us safely on ;

His love, throughout our course,  
Has countless favors done.

2 May God in mercy still,  
While earth remains our dwelling,  
His good bestow, our tongues  
With joy his goodness telling !  
And when our strength shall fail,  
May He display His pow'r,  
And from the ills we fear  
Defend us evermore.

3 Praise, honor, thanks to God !  
On high the Father seated  
With Son and Holy Ghost,  
The Three in One united,—  
He is the God of all,  
And right are all His ways ;  
To Him, the Great and Good,  
Let all give endless praise !

9

*God's mercy great and eternal.* S. M.—4 No. 13.

**M**Y soul, repeat his praise  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heav'ns are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 3 His grace subdues our sins,  
 And his forgiving love  
 Far as the east is from the west  
 Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,  
 To those who fear his name,  
 Is such as tender parents feel;  
 He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
 Or like the morning flower!  
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
 It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,  
 To endless years endure;  
 And children's children ever find  
 Thy words of promise sure.

10

*Praise for Divine Goodness.*

7s.—6 No. 33.

GLORY be to God on high,  
 God, whose glory fills the sky;  
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,  
 Man, the well belov'd of heav'n.  
 Glory be to God on high,  
 God, whose glory fills the sky.

- 2 Favor'd mortals, raise the song;  
 Endless thanks to God belong:

Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,  
Join the hymns your voices raise :  
Glory be, &c.

3 Mark the wonders of his hand !  
Power, no empire can withstand ;  
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;  
Goodness, one eternal stream :  
Glory be, &c.

4 Awful Being ! from thy throne  
Send thy promis'd blessing down ;  
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,  
Bid our raging passions cease :  
Glory be, &c

## II. Works and Providence of God.

---

11

*Creation.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

GREAT First of beings ! mighty Lord  
G Of all this wondrous frame !  
Produc'd by Thy creating Word,  
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,  
'Twas instantly obey'd ;  
And through Thy goodness all things stand,  
Which by Thy pow'r were made.

3 Lord ! for Thy glory shine the whole,  
They all reflect Thy light :  
For this in course the planets roll,  
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this, the sun disperses heat  
And beams of cheering day ;  
And distant stars, in order set,  
By night Thy pow'r display.

5 For this, the earth its produce yields,  
For this, the waters flow ;  
And blooming plants adorn the fields,  
And trees aspiring grow.

- 6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue  
 This wise and noble end,  
 That all we think, and all we do,  
 Shall to Thine honor tend.

12

*God's Wisdom.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

SONGS of immortal praise belong  
 To my almighty God :  
 He hath my heart, and He my tongue,  
 To spread his name abroad.

- 2 How great the works His hand hath wrought !  
 How glorious in our sight !  
 And men in ev'ry age have sought  
 His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !  
 How wise th' eternal mind ;  
 His counsels never change the scheme  
 That His first thoughts designed.
- 4 When He redeemed the sons of men  
 He fixed His cov'nant sure :  
 The orders that His lips pronounce  
 To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth, and skies,  
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;  
 What shall we do to make us wise,  
 But learn to read Thy name ?

- 6 To fear Thy pow'r, to trust Thy grace,  
 Is our divinest skill;  
 And he's the wisest of our race  
 Who best obeys Thy will.

13

*All the works of God praise him.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
 And publishes to ev'ry land  
 The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly to the list'ning earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth:
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball?  
 What though no real voice nor sound  
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?



- 6 In Christian ears they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine—  
The hand that made us is divine.

14

*All things dependent on God.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

WE sing th' almighty pow'r of God,  
Who bade the mountains rise,  
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,  
Who fills the earth with food;  
Who formed his creatures by a word,  
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er we turn our eyes,  
Whether we view the ground we tread,  
Or gaze upon the skies!
- 5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below,  
But makes Thy glories known:  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from Thy throne.

- 6 On Thee each moment we depend ;  
 If Thou withdraw, we die.  
 Oh may we ne'er that God offend,  
 Who is for ever nigh !

15

*All nature praises God.* ¶ 8.7.8.7.8.8.7—7 No. 2.

THE earth, where'er I turn mine eye,  
 Reveals her Maker's glory ;  
 Through day and night the shining sky  
 Of praise repeats its story ;  
 Who for the sun there fixed his place ?  
 Who clothes him with majestic grace ?  
 The starry hosts—who leads them ?

- 2 Who rules the restless raging winds ?  
 The clouds, in rain distilling ?  
 And who the lap of earth unbinds,  
 Our stores with plenty filling ?  
 Great God, Thy praises shall abide,  
 And, with Thy goodness, reach as wide  
 As wide creation reaches.
- 3 But man,—a body, of Thy hand  
 The marvellous formation ;  
 'Tis man,—a soul to understand  
 Thy wonders of creation ;  
 'Tis man,—who to himself supplies  
 Best proof that Thou art good and wise—  
 Who best should sing Thy praises.
- 4 Now pay thine honors to His name,  
 My soul, His glories telling :

Thy Father and thy God proclaim,  
 The world's glad anthem swelling:  
 Let all our race, with one accord,  
 Love, trust, and serve our common Lord:  
 Who can refuse to serve Him!

16

*Volume of Divine Providence.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

LET the whole race of creatures lie  
 Abas'd before the Lord!  
 Whate'er His powerful hand has formed,  
 He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies  
 Were into motion brought,  
 All the long years and worlds to come  
 Stood present to His thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm  
 O'erlooked in His decrees;  
 He raises monarchs to a throne,  
 Or sinks with equal ease.

4 If light attend the course I go,  
 'Tis He provides the rays;  
 And 'tis His hand that hides the sun,  
 If darkness cloud my days.

5 Trusting His wisdom and His love,  
 I would not wish to know  
 What in the book of his decrees  
 Awaits me here below.

6 Be this alone my fervent pray'r,  
 Whate'er my lot shall be,  
 Or joys, or sorrows, may they form  
 My soul for heaven and Thee !

17

*God our Father.* 8.7.8.7.8.7.7.8.7.7.—10 No. 10.

AS the eagle fondly hovers  
 O'er its young defenseless brood,  
 So my God from danger covers,  
 Granting me all needed good.  
 With a father's love He eyed me,  
 When began mine infant days ;  
 Ere my heart could mean His praise,  
 He with watchful care supplied me.  
 All things else their time will last,  
 But His love, when time is past.

2 For me, wretched, hopeless lying,  
 Worthy of His wrath alone,  
 He to shame, and griefs, and dying,  
 Gave His well beloved Son.  
 Who the love of God can measure ?  
 None of all our feeble race,—  
 While, on ev'ry side, we trace  
 Proofs that mercy is His pleasure.  
 Great my sins, but high above  
 Reaches His unbounded love.

3 As my teacher, to direct me,  
 He has sent His Spirit too :  
 Who, to comfort and protect me,  
 Should His scheme of love pursue ;

And, while I am sin bemoaning,  
Give me hope;—in weakness, strength,  
Light in darkness;—till, at length,  
I might sing His grace unfailing,  
And, though earthly griefs annoy,  
Triumph still with holy joy.

4 Shall I, weary of confiding,  
Fear what may the future be?  
Since on earth I've been residing,  
God has daily cared for me.  
When I think what He has sent me,—  
Comforts for my earthly home,  
Pledges for the life to come,—  
What more need I to content me?  
Shall I mine own weakness fear?  
*He*, my confidence, is near.

5 O how many springs of sadness  
Has my God in mercy dried!  
And how many streams of gladness  
To my soul has He supplied!  
When his purpose He's concealing,  
On His wisdom I will rest,—  
Still He's doing what is best,  
All my ills and anguish healing:  
His, a father's love to me,  
Has been, and will ever be.

18 *God's Providence and the Folly of Self-Dependence.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

GOD reigns ; events in order flow,  
 Man's industry to guide ;  
 But in a diff'rent channel go,  
 To humble human pride.

2 The swift not always, in the race,  
 Shall seize the crowning prize ;  
 Not always wealth and honor grace  
 The labors of the wise.

3 Fond mortals but themselves beguile,  
 When on themselves they rest :  
 Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,  
 By Thee, O Lord, unblest.

4 Evil and good before Thee stand,  
 Their mission to perform ;  
 The sun shines bright at Thy command,  
 Thy hand directs the storm.

5 O Lord in all our ways we'll own  
 Thy providential power ;  
 Entrusting to Thy care alone  
 The lot of ev'ry hour.

19 *God our Shepherd.* 8s.—6 No. 12.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care :

His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye :  
 My noon-day walks He shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wand'ring steps He leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy goodness shall my pains beguile,  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden green and herbage crowned,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

20

*Providence.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

THY ways, O Lord ! with wise design,  
 Are framed upon Thy throne above,  
 And every dark and bending line  
 Meets in the centre of Thy love.

21

- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,  
 Poor mortals Thine arrangements view ;  
 Not knowing that the least are sure,  
 And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, Thine own peculiar care,  
 Though now they seem to roam uneyed  
 Are led or driven only where  
 They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way :  
 But whilst they trust Thy guardian eye,  
 Their feet shall ne'er to ruin stray,  
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn  
 To lay her reason at Thy throne ;  
 Too weak Thy secrets to discern,  
 I'll trust Thee for my guide alone.

## 21

*God's ways incomprehensible.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform,  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up His bright designs,  
 And works His sov'reign will.



- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take :  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and will break  
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for his grace ;  
 Behind a frowning Providence  
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding ev'ry hour ;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain.  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.

22

*God is true.*

10.6.10.6.9.9.4.—7 No. 4.

OUR God is true !—Them He will ne'er forsake  
 For whom His love He shows ;  
 Our God is true !—We shall His care partake  
 In all our joys and woes :  
 His wings will spread their shelter o'er us :  
 Though mountains quake,—earth yawn before us,  
 Our God is true !

- 2 Our God is true !—He is a faithful friend,  
 We from experience know ;

And, rest assured, He will our souls defend  
From ev'ry watchful foe.  
His cov'nant love gives no denial  
To humble faith, in hours of trial,—  
Our God is true !

- 3 Our God is true !—Never forget, my soul,  
How kind and true He is !  
Be true to God !—Let this thy life control,  
And be devoutly His !  
From loving Him let nothing drive thee !  
And of this stay let none deprive thee,—  
“ *Our God is true !* ”

### III. Redemption.

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#### I. FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

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23 *The deep corruption of man's nature. 8s, 7s.—10 No. 2*

MAN'S life and nature by the fall  
Is sin-corrupted wholly ;  
This bane's entailed upon us all,  
And we recover solely  
By Jesus' grace, that saves our race  
From Eve's severe affliction,  
When on her heart the serpent's art  
Drew down God's malediction.

2 Since Satan then beguiled Eve's heart  
By ruinous seduction,  
From God and His command to part  
And compass our destruction,  
The need was great, in our lost state,  
That God should help by sending  
From heaven's throne, Him, who alone  
Could give us life unending.

3 As now another's deep offense  
In Adam all oppresses,

So too Another's love immense  
 Us all in Jesus blesses ;  
 And as o'er all, by Adam's fall,  
 The curse of ruin hovers,  
 So too again, by Jesus slain,  
 The ruined soul recovers.

- 4 He is the way, the life, the light,  
 The heavenly truth and portal,  
 The Counsellor, the God of might,  
 The Father's Word immortal,  
 Whom God doth give, that we may live,  
 By faith in Him, forever,  
 And He is hence our sure defense,  
 From whom us naught can sever.

24 *Original Sin ; or, the First and second Adam.*  
 C. M.—4 No. 3.

TO all that's good, averse and blind,  
 But prone to all that's ill ;  
 What dreadful darkness veils our mind !  
 How obstinate our will !

- 2 Conceive'd in sin—Oh wretched state !  
 Before we draw our breath,  
 The first young pulse begins to beat  
 Iniquity and death.

- 3 How strong, in our degen'rate blood,  
 The old corruption reigns,  
 And, mingling with the crooked flood,  
 Wanders through all our veins !

- 4 What mortal power from things unclean,  
Can pure productions bring?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring?
- 5 Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous love  
Can make our nature clean,  
While Christ and grace prevail above  
The tempter, death, and sin.
- 6 The second Adam shall restore  
The ruins of the first;  
Hosanna to that sovereign power,  
That new creates our dust!

25 *Original and actual sin confessed.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

- LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin;  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in ev'ry part.
- 3 No Jewish rites can make me clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within;  
Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone  
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone.

- 4 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor sense hath rest or ease,  
Behold, I fall before Thy face,  
My only refuge is Thy grace.

26

*The Fall and its Remedy.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

OUR nature fell in Adam's fall,  
One common sin infects us all,  
From sire to son the bane descends,  
And over all the curse impends.

- 2 Corruption creeps through all our powers,  
And withers all life's heavenly flowers ;  
In guilt we draw our earliest breath,  
And reap its fruit of woe and death.

- 3 From hearts depraved, to evil prone,  
Flow thoughts and deeds of sin alone ;  
God's image lost, the darkened soul  
Nor seeks nor finds its heavenly goal.

- 4 But Christ, the second Adam, came  
To bear our sin and woe and shame,  
To be our life, and by His grace  
To new-create our fallen race.

- 5 Thanks, Saviour ! that new life is ours,  
That grace has changed our broken powers ;  
O, still that saving grace extend,  
To make us steadfast to the end.

27

*Corrupt nature from Adam.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

BLEST with the joys of innocence,  
 Adam, our father, stood,  
 Till he debased his soul to sense,  
 And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,  
 To sinful joys inclined ;  
 Reason has lost its native place,  
 And flesh enslaves the mind.\*

3 While flesh and sense and passion reign,  
 Sin is the sweetest good ;  
 There's music in our clanking chain,  
 Makes us forget the load.

4 But God in mercy flesh became,  
 To bring us back again,  
 And breathed in us a heav'nly flame,  
 That death no more might reign.

5 Eternal Spirit, may Thy law  
 Live in our inward parts,  
 And deeper yet may Jesus draw,  
 His image in our hearts.

28

*The deceitfulness of Sin.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts  
 To practice on the mind ;  
 With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,  
 But leaves a sting behind.

- 2 With names of virtue she deceives  
 The aged and the young ;  
 And while the heedless wretch believes,  
 She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joy she brings,  
 And gives a fair pretense ;  
 But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,  
 And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair  
 Grew the forbidden food ;  
 Our mother took the poison there,  
 And tainted all her blood.

29

*Sin's delusiveness.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

HOW long shall dreams of creature bliss,  
 Our flatt'ring hopes employ,  
 And mock our fond deluded eyes  
 With visionary joy ?

- 2 How wretched they who leave the Lord,  
 And from His word withdraw,  
 Who lose His gospel from their sight  
 And wander from His law !
- 3 O Thou eternal Spring of good,  
 Whence living waters flow !  
 Let not our thirsty erring souls  
 To broken cisterns go.



- 4 Like characters inscribed in dust,  
 Are sinners borne away;  
 And all the treasures they can boast,  
 The portion of a day.

30

*Job ix. 2—6.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

A H, how shall fallen man  
 Be just before his God!  
 If He contend in righteousness,  
 We sink beneath His rod.

- 2 If He our ways should mark  
 With strict inquiring eyes,  
 Could we for one of thousand faults,  
 A just excuse devise?

- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!  
 Who can with Thee contend?  
 Or who that tries th' unequal strife,  
 Shall prosper in the end?

- 4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,  
 Their ancient seats forsake!  
 The trembling earth deserts her place,  
 Her rooted pillars shake!

- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
 Contend with such a God?  
 None, none can meet Him, and escape;  
 But through the Saviour's blood.

31

*Helplessness of guilty nature.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart unchanged can never rise  
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray.  
Reason debased can never find  
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis Thine, Almighty Saviour, Thine  
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live ;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis Thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine !  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

32

*The evil heart.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

ASTONISHED and distressed,  
 I turn mine eyes within ;—  
 My heart with heavy guilt oppressed,  
 The seat of ev'ry sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,  
 What vile affections there !  
 Distrust, presumption, artful guile,  
 Pride, envy, slavish fear !

3 Almighty King of saints !  
 These hateful sins subdue ;  
 Dispel the darkness from my mind,  
 And all my powers renew.

4 Then shall my cheerful voice  
 To Thee hosannas raise ;  
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,  
 My lips pronounce Thy praise.

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II. THE REDEEMER.

33

*God the Son equal with the Father.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

BRIGHT King of glory, sov'reign God !  
 Our spirits bow before Thy seat,  
 To Thee we lift an humble thought,  
 And worship at Thy awful feet.

- 2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,  
Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
But who amongst the sons of light  
Pretends comparison with Thee !
- 3 Yet there is One of human frame,  
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.
- 4 Their glory shines with equal beams ;  
Their essence is for ever one,  
Though They are known by diff'rent names,  
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King  
With equal honors be adored ;  
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,  
And all the nations own their Lord.

34

*The Redeemer's Love.*

8's, 7's.—8 No. 28.

GOD, in human flesh appearing,  
Took the children to His breast,  
Lambs with His green pastures cheering,  
Fitting for His heav'nly rest ;  
This is gentleness unbounded,  
This is lowliness of heart ;  
All are by His love surrounded,  
None are ever bid depart.

- 2 Lord ! I bless Thy mercy endless,  
For Thy pleasure is to bless ;

Me too, when my soul was friendless,  
 Thou didst to Thy bosom press :  
 For I too, to Thee was given  
 In the pure baptismal wave,  
 There Thou mad'st me heir of heaven,  
 Who hast died my soul to save.

- 3 Feeble is the love of mother,  
 Father's blessings are as naught,  
 When compared, my King and Brother !  
 With the wonders Thou hast wrought ;  
 Thus it pleased Thy heav'nly meekness,  
 Pleasing also be my praise,  
 Till my songs of earthly weakness  
 Burst into celestial lays.

35

*The Divinity of Christ.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

THEE we adore, eternal Word !  
 The Father's equal Son ;  
 By heaven's obedient hosts adored  
 Ere time its course begun.

- 2 The first creation has display'd  
 Thine energy divine ;  
 For not a single thing was made  
 By other hands than Thine.
- 3 But ransomed sinners with delight,  
 Sublimed facts survey,—  
 The all-creating Word unites  
 Himself to dust and clay.

- 4 Creation's Author now assumes  
 A creature's humble form ;  
 A man of grief and woe becomes ;  
 Is trod on like a worm.
- 5 The Lord of glory bears the shame  
 To vile transgressors due ;  
 Justice the Prince of life condemns  
 To die in anguish too.
- 6 God over all, for ever blest,  
 The righteous curse endures ;  
 And thus, to souls with sin distressed,  
 Eternal bliss insures.
- 7 What wonders in Thy person meet,  
 My Saviour, all divine !  
 I fall with rapture at Thy feet,  
 And would be wholly Thine.

36

*God our Saviour.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,  
 My praise shall climb to His abode ;  
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.

- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
 Object of faith and not of sense ;  
 Eternal ages saw Him shine,  
 He shines eternal ages hence.

- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,  
 Almighty ruler of the sky,  
 As when the six days' work He made  
 Filled all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
 Salvation is His dearest claim :  
 That gracious sound well pleased He hears  
 And owns Immanuel for His name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
 My well-placed hopes with joy I see :  
 My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal  
 To worship Him who died for me.

37

*Incarnation.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

- YE saints, proclaim abroad  
 The honors of your King ;  
 To Jesus, your incarnate God,  
 Your songs of praises sing.
- 2 Not angels round the throne  
 Of majesty above,  
 Are half so much obliged as we  
 To our Immanuel's love.
- 3 They never sank so low,  
 They are not raised so high ;  
 They never knew such depths of woe,  
 Such heights of majesty.

- 4 The Saviour did not join  
     Their nature to His own ;  
 For them He shed no blood divine,  
     Nor breathed a single groan.
- 5 May we with angels vie  
     The Saviour to adore ;  
 Our debts are greater far than theirs,  
     O be our praises more !

38

*Redemption by Christ alone.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

ENSLAVED by sin, and bound in chains,  
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,  
 And doomed to everlasting pains,  
     We wretched guilty captives lay.

- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace ;  
     Nor the whole world's collected store  
 Suffice to purchase our release ;  
     A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,  
     An all-sufficient ransom paid :  
 O matchless price ! His precious blood  
     For vile, rebellious traitors shed.
- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became  
     To rescue guilty souls from hell ;  
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,  
     Beneath avenging justice fell.



- 5 Amazing goodness ! love divine !  
 O may our grateful hearts adore  
 The matchless grace ; nor yield to sin,  
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more !

39 *Christ's life a pattern for Christians. C. M.—4 No. 3.*

**B**EHOLD, where in a mortal form  
 Appears each grace divine !  
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
 With mildest radiance shine.

- 2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,  
 To give the mourner joy ;  
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
 Was His divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all His friends  
 A friend and servant found ;  
 He washed their feet, He wiped their tears,  
 And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
 Patient and meek He stood ;  
 His foes, ungrateful, sought His life ;  
 He labored for their good.
- 5 To God He left his righteous cause,  
 And still His task pursued ;  
 While humble prayer and holy faith  
 His fainting strength renewed.

6 In the last hours of deep distress,  
Before His Father's throne,  
With soul resigned He bowed, and said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!  
His image may we bear!  
O may we tread His holy steps,  
His joy and glory share!

40      *The way, the truth, and the life.*      C. M.—4 No. 3.

THOU art the way; to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek Him, Lord, through Thee.

2 Thou art the truth; Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life; the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;  
And those who put their trust in Thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life;  
Grant us to know that way,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Which lead to endless day.

41

*Tribute to the Lamb.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

2 “Worthy the Lamb that died ” they cry,  
 To be exalted thus ;  
 “Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,  
 For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honor and pow’r divine ;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord ! for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
 And speak Thine endless praise !

42

*The loving kindness of the Lord.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer’s praise ;  
 He justly claims a song from me,  
 His loving-kindness, O how free !

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
 He saved me from my lost estate,  
 His loving-kindness, O how great !

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along,  
 His loving-kindness; O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood,  
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
 But though I have Him oft forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;  
 O may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day;  
 And sing, with raptures and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

43

*The song of Jubilee.*

7s.—8 No. 26.

**H**ARK! the song of Jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
 Or the fullness of the sea  
 When it breaks upon the shore:—

Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
 God omnipotent shall reign ;  
 Hallelujah ! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,  
 From the depth unto the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies :—  
 See Jehovah's banner furled,  
 Sheathed His sword ; He speaks—'tis done ;  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway :  
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heav'ns have passed away :—  
 Then the end—beneath His rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
 Hallelujah ! Christ is God.  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

44 *Surrendering the heart to Christ.* L. M.—4 No. 12

**B**LEST Jesus ! when Thy cross I view,—  
 That myst'ry to th' angelic host,—  
 I gaze with grief and rapture too,  
 And all my soul's in wonder lost.

2 What strange compassion filled Thy breast,  
 That brought Thee from Thy throne on high,

To woes, that cannot be expressed,  
To be despised, to groan and die?

3 Was it for man, rebellious man,  
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,  
Who, justly doomed to endless pain,  
Found none to pity or to save?

4 For man didst Thou forsake the sky,  
To bleed upon th' accursed tree?  
And didst Thou taste of death to buy  
Immortal life and bliss for me?

5 Had I a voice to praise Thy name,  
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,  
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,  
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

45

*Praise to Christ.*

8s, 7s.—8 No. 28.

**H**AIL, Thou once despised Jesus!  
Hail, Thou everlasting King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us,  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour!  
Bearer of our sin and shame;  
By Thy merits we find favor,  
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb! by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid;

By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made :  
 All Thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood ;  
 Opened is the gate of heaven,  
 Peace is made 'tween man and God

- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
 There for ever to abide ;  
 All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side ;  
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
 There Thou dost our place prepare ;  
 Ever for us interceding  
 Till in glory we appear.

46

*Save me, O Jesus !*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

THY soul, O Jesus ! hallow me,  
 Thy spirit steep me all in Thee,  
 Thy body, pierced by ruthless steel,  
 My wretched soul and body heal.

- 2 The water from Thy side that poured  
 For me a cleansing bath afford,  
 And all Thy blood with life divine,  
 Revive these sluggish pow'rs of mine.
- 3 The bloody sweat upon Thy face  
 Deliver me from death's embrace,  
 And all Thy passion, cross and pain  
 With strength my feebleness sustain.

- 4 O Christ ! turn not away from me,  
Accept and hide me quite in Thee,  
Within Thy holy wounds enclose,  
And keep me safe when foes oppose.
- 5 In death's dark hour with me abide,  
And place me, Saviour ! at Thy side,  
With all Thy blessed saints on high  
To sing Thy praise, and never die.
- 

## III. GRACE.

47

*Salvation by grace.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

GRACE ! 't is a charming sound !  
G Harmonious to the ear !  
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps *that* grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heav'nly road ;  
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.



- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days ;  
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

48

- *By grace ye are saved.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

SELF-righteous souls on works rely,  
 And boast their moral dignity ;  
 But if I lisp a song of praise,  
 Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

- 2 'Twas grace that quickened me when dead  
 And grace my soul to Jesus led ;  
 Grace brings me pardon for my sin—  
 'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

- 3 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,  
 'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss ;  
 In Jesus' grace my soul is strong—  
 Grace is my hope and Christ my song.

- 4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near ;  
 And 'tis by grace I persevere ;  
 'Tis grace constrains my soul to love—  
 Free grace is all they sing above.

- 5 Through endless years of grace I'll sing,  
 Adore and bless my heav'nly King ;  
 I'll cast my crown before His throne,  
 Saved by His sov'reign grace alone.

49

*Inexhaustible grace.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

**J**EHOVAH'S grace, how full, how free!  
His language how divine!

"My Son, Thou ever art with me,  
And all I have is Thine.

2 "My saints shall each a portion share  
That's worthy of a God;  
They are my chief, my constant care—  
The purchase of my blood.

3 "Both grace and glory I will give,  
And nothing good deny;  
With me my saints shall ever live,  
And reign with me on high.

4 "And should a hundred thousand more  
Accept the proffered grace,  
I have a heaven prepared for all;  
Nor shall you have the less."

5 Yea, dearest Lord, let millions come,  
And feast on pard'ning grace;  
Bring prodigals, bring exiles home,  
And we will sing Thy praise.

50

*Salvation offered to all.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

**J**ESUS, Thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is Thy gospel weak;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And heal the dying Greek.

- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage  
 Does Thy salvation flow ;  
 'Tis not confined to sex or age,  
 The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offered to the prince,  
 The poor may take their share ;  
 No mortal has a just pretense  
 To perish in despair.
- 4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,  
 He'll form your souls anew ;  
 His gospel and His heart have room  
 For rebels such as you.

51

*Joy for salvation.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

SALVATION, O the joyful sound !  
 'Tis music to our ears ;  
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay :  
 But we arise by grace divine,  
 To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around ;  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

52

*Praise for Divine Protection.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,  
 I'll praise my Maker in my song;  
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried, when troubles rose;  
 He heard me, and subdued my foes;  
 He did my rising fears control,  
 And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand cares I stand,  
 Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;  
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
 And keep my dying faith alive.

4 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;  
 I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;  
 Not all Thy works and names below,  
 So much Thy pow'r and glory show.

53

*God's gifts.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

• FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,  
 On Thee my hope depends,  
 Convinced that every perfect gift  
 From Thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone,  
 And pow'r and wisdom too;  
 Without the Spirit of Thy Son  
 We nothing good can do.

- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,  
     Our good is all divine ;  
 The praise of every holy thought  
     And righteous word is Thine.
- 4 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive  
     The pow'r on Thee to call,  
 In whom we are, and move, and live :  
     Our God is all in all.
- 

## IV. GOSPEL CALL.

54

*Gospel Invitation.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

- LET ev'ry ear attend,  
 L And ev'ry heart rejoice ;  
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
     With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye starving souls,  
     That feed upon the wind,  
 And vainly strive with earthly toys  
     To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Here wisdom has prepared  
     A soul-reviving feast,  
 And bids your longing appetites  
     The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for streams,  
 And pine away and die,  
 Here you may quench your raging thirst  
 With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of mercy here  
 In a rich ocean join ;  
 Salvation in abundance flows,  
 Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The gates of gospel grace  
 Stand open night and day :  
 Lord ! we are come to seek supplies,  
 And drive our wants away.

55

*My son, give me thy heart.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

WHAT language now salutes the ear !  
 And 't is our Father's voice !  
 Let all the world attentive hear,  
 And ev'ry soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, He kindly speaks to thee,  
 However vile thou art ;  
 Here's grace and pardon, rich and free,  
 My son, give me thy heart.

3 Though thou hast long my grace withstood,  
 And said to me, " Depart,"  
 I claim the purchase of my blood—  
 My son, give me thy heart.

- 4 I'll form thee for myself alone,  
 And ev'ry good impart;  
 I'll make my great salvation known—  
 My son, give me thy heart.
- 5 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,  
 Set up in me Thy throne;  
 Bid sin and Satan hence depart,  
 And claim me as Thine own.

56

*"I will in no wise cast out."*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,  
 Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear!  
 He saith, and who His word can doubt?  
 He will in no wise cast you out!

- 2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay,  
 And tell you, Christ will cast away?  
 It is a truth, why should you doubt?  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 3 Doth sin appear before your view,  
 Of scarlet or of crimson hue?  
 If black as hell, why should you doubt?  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 4 The publican and dying thief  
 Applied to Christ, and found relief;  
 Nor need you entertain a doubt:  
 He will in no wise cast you out!

- 5 Approach your God, make no delay,  
 He waits to welcome you to-day ;  
 His mercy try, nor longer doubt ;  
 He will in no wise cast you out !

57

*Mercy for sinners.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

THE Saviour calls ; let ev'ry ear  
 Attend the heav'nly sound :  
 Ye doubting souls ! dismiss your fear ;  
 Hope smiles reviving round.

- 2 For ev'ry thirsty longing heart,  
 Here streams of bounty flow ;  
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
 To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,  
 To ease your ev'ry pain :  
 Immortal fountain ! full supplies !  
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye wand'ers ! come, 't is mercy's voice,  
 The gracious call obey ;  
 Mercy invites to heav'nly joys :—  
 And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour ! draw reluctant hearts ;  
 To Thee let sinners fly,  
 And take the bliss Thy love imparts,  
 And drink, and never die.



58

*"Behold, I stand at the door."* L. M.—4 No. 12.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door !  
 He gently knocks—has knocked before,  
 Has waited long—is waiting still :  
 You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, He stands  
 With melting heart and loaded hands !  
 Oh, matchless kindness ! and He shows  
 This matchless kindness to His foes !

3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?  
 He will ; the very friend you need ;  
 The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,  
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;  
 Turn out His enemy and thine,  
 That soul-destroying monster sin,  
 And let the heav'nly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,  
 His feet departed ne'er return ;  
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,  
 You'll at His door rejected stand.

59

*The righteous—the wicked.* S. M.—4 No. 13.

THE man is ever blest  
 Who shuns the sinners' ways ;  
 Amongst their councils never stands,  
 Nor takes the scorner's place :

- 2 But makes the law of God  
His study and delight,  
Amidst the labors of the day  
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root :  
Fresh as the leaf His name shall live,  
His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race ;  
They no such blessings find ;  
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand  
Before that judgment-seat,  
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand  
In full assembly meet ?
- 6 He knows and He approves  
The way the righteous go :  
But sinners and their works shall meet  
A dreadful overthrow.

60

*To-day.*

L. M.—4 No. 12

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

- 2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,  
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
 For fear thy season should be o'er  
 Before this evening's course be run
- 3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,  
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
 For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
 Before the needful work is done.
- 4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,  
 And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
 For fear the curse should thee arrest  
 Before the morrow is begun.

61

*Youth invited to love Christ.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
 In smiling crowds draw near;  
 And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,  
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
 Stoops to converse with you;  
 And lays His radiant glories by,  
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,  
 Is sure my love to gain;  
 And those that early seek my grace,  
 Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
 If once compared with Thee?  
 What beauty should command my love,  
 Like that in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
 Vain tempters of the mind!  
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
 And here true bliss I find.

62

*The Spirit inviting.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

THE Spirit in our hearts  
 Is whisp'ring, "Sinners, come;"  
 The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
 To all His children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say  
 To all about him, "Come;"  
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
 To Christ the fountain come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
 O, let him freely come,  
 And freely drink the stream of life;  
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
 Declares, "I quickly come:"  
 Lord, even so; we wait Thine hour;  
 O, blest Redeemer, come.

63

*Living waters.*

11.10.6.4.—8 No. 16.

THE Fountain flows ! waters of life bestowing :  
 Come, thirsty soul, nor perish in thy pride !  
 Take, as a gift, what from the throne is flowing,—  
 So cry the Lamb, the Spirit, and the bride.  
 Come !—nothing bars the way ;  
 Come drink as thou shalt choose,  
 There is no price to pay :  
 The Fountain flows !

2 The Fountain flows ! Let devils rage with madness,  
 Let sink in ruin all the world beside,—  
 Still Zion, crowned with never ending gladness,  
 Shall with her fount of saving health abide.  
 God guards her walls from fear,  
 And His deliv'rance shows ;—  
 Her God is ever near.  
 The Fountain flows !

3 The Fountain flows !—Thank God, the fullest  
 measure  
 Of grace and pow'r here meets our utmost need.  
 Now, sinner, wouldst thou ever share its pleasure,  
 Haste, like the panting roe, with earnest speed :  
 Draw to the waters near  
 Where thirst and languor close—  
 With waters sweet and clear  
 The Fountain flows.

- 4 The Fountain flows ! for all a fount of healing :  
 He's blest for whom it shall not flow in vain !  
 Who drinks—a well of water never failing,  
 In him, to endless life, it shall remain :  
 For whoso tries its pow'r  
 From thirst shall now repose,  
 And ne'er be thirsty more :  
 The Fountain flows.
- 

## V. PENITENCE.

- 64 *O Lamb of God, I come!* 8.8.8.6.—4 No. 25.

(L. M. by repeating the words "I come.")

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
 Save that Thy blood was shed for me  
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come !

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come !

- 3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
 Life, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I want—in Thee to find—  
 O Lamb of God, I come !

4 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt pardon, comfort, cleanse, relieve,  
 Because Thy promise I believe,—  
     O Lamb of God, I come !

5 Just as I am, for love unknown  
 Has broken ev'ry barrier down,  
 Now to be Thine, and Thine alone,  
     O Lamb of God, I come !

65

*A litany.*

7s.—8 No. 26.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to Thee,  
 O Low we bow th' adoring knee,  
 When, repentant, to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;  
 O by all Thy pains and woe,  
 Suffered once for man below,  
 Bending from Thy throne on high,  
 Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy birth and early years,  
 By Thy human griefs and fears,  
 By Thy fasting and distress  
 In the lonely wilderness ;  
 By Thy vict'ry in the hour  
 Of the subtle tempter's pow'r ;  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye :  
 Hear our solemn litany.

3 By Thine hour of dark despair,  
 By Thine agony of prayer,  
 By the purple robe of scorn,

By Thy wounds—Thy crown of thorn,  
 By Thy cross—Thy pangs and cries,  
 By Thy perfect sacrifice.  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye;  
 Hear our solemn litany.

- 4 By Thy deep expiring groan,  
 By the sealed sepulchral stone,  
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
 By Thy pow'r from death to save,  
 Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
 To Thy throne in heaven restored—  
 Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
 Hear our solemn litany.

66

*Sinners received by Jesus.*

7s &amp; 8s.—6 No. 18.

“THIS man sinners doth receive!”  
 Well may we the saying ponder,  
 Who in sin's delusions live,  
 And from God and heaven wander:—  
 This alone sure hope can give—  
 “Jesus sinners doth receive!”

- 2 We deserve but grief and shame,—  
 Yet His words rich grace revealing,  
 Pardon, peace and life proclaim:  
 Here *their* ills have perfect healing  
 Who with humble hearts believe—  
 “Jesus sinners doth receive!”

- 3 Come, ye wand'ers, one and all,  
 Come, we all have invitation,—



Come, obey His gracious call,  
 Come and take His free salvation !  
 He has died that we might live,—  
 “ Jesus sinners doth receive ! ”

- 4 Saviour, now I come to Thee :  
 Great my sins, a weary burden !  
 Wilt Thou mercy show to me ?  
 Can I hope to find a pardon ?  
 I will trust ; my soul relieve !  
 Me, a sinner, Lord, receive !

67      *The wanderer invited to return.*      L. M.—4 No. 12.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
 And seek an injured Father's face ;  
 Those warm desires that in thee burn  
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 And seek a Father's melting heart ;  
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
 His hand shall heal thy inward smart.

- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;  
 Go to His bleeding feet, and learn  
 How freely Jesus can forgive.

- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 And wipe away the falling tear :  
 'Tis God who says, “ No longer mourn,”  
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near

68

*Sense of ingratitude.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall  
The wonders of Thy grace,  
Low, at Thy feet, ashamed, I fall,  
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like Thine be thus repaid?  
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart!  
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed  
From Jesus to depart;—

3 From Jesus, who alone can give  
True pleasure, peace, and rest;—  
When absent from my Lord, I live  
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But He, for His own mercy's sake,  
My wand'ring soul restores;  
He bids the mourner freely take  
The pardon he implores.

5 O, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,  
The penitential sigh,  
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,  
With pity in Thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner, at Thy feet,  
Rejoice to seek Thy face;  
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet,  
Is Thy forgiving grace.

69

*Confession of sin.*

7.7.7.7.—4 No. 17.

GOD of mercy ! God of grace !  
 G Hear our penitential songs ;  
 O restore Thy suppliant race,  
 Thou to whom our praise belongs !

2 Deep regret for follies past,  
 Talents wasted, time misspent ;  
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
 Thankless for the blessings lent ;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires  
 Vain regrets for things as vain ;  
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
 Oft to murmur and complain ;

4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,  
 Filled with grief and shame we own ;  
 Humbled at Thy feet we lie,  
 Seeking pardon from Thy throne.

5 God of mercy ! God of grace !  
 Hear our penitential songs ;  
 O restore Thy suppliant race,  
 Thou to whom our praise belongs !

70

*Sin bewailed.*

7.7.7.7.—4 No. 17.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 C Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;  
 He Himself has bid thee pray,  
 Rise and ask without delay.

- 2 With my burden I begin ;  
 Lord ! remove my load of sin !  
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord ! I come to Thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast ;  
 There Thy sov'reign right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.
- 4 Show me what I have to do,  
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;  
 Let me live a life of faith,  
 Let me die Thy people's death.

71

*Repent.*

L. M.—4 No. 12

WHY am I thus with plenty blest,  
 While others toil to earn their food,  
 Why should I be more warmly drest,  
 Or favored with more earthly good ?

- 2 'Tis not that I these gifts deserve,  
 Or merit aught my God bestows,  
 Not that I ne'er from duty swerve,  
 Or aye with thanks my eyelids close.
- 3 Ah ! no ; of all His love has giv'n,  
 No part belongs to such as I,  
 But that I, worm, might enter Heav'n,  
 \*He sent His only Son to die.

- 4 In condescending love He came,  
 And all earth's deepest sorrows bore  
 Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
 And ope'd to us Salvation's door.
- 5 And still His gracious call doth sound—  
 Come unto me and taste my love,  
 Oh, seek, where lasting life is found,  
 Knock and an entrance gain above.
- 6 Repent, and the baptismal flood  
 Shall wash thy soul from ev'ry stain;  
 O, eat His flesh, and drink His blood,  
 Nor let Him die for thee in vain.
- 7 And ever near His footstool stay,  
 Nor scorn His blessed cross to bear,  
 And keep thee in the narrow way,  
 And thou a heav'nly crown shalt wear.
- 

## VI. FAITH.

72

*The power of faith.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
 And saves me from its snares;  
 For each good work it gives me strength,  
 And softens all my cares;

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heav'nly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r  
The healing balm to give ;  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain ;
- 5 Shows me the precious promise sealed  
With my Redeemer's blood ;  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken would I rest,  
Till this vile body dies,  
And then on faith's triumphant wings  
At once to glory rise.

73

*Faith a substitute for vision.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;  
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
 Far into distant worlds she pries,  
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
 While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,  
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,  
 Left his own house to walk with God ;  
 His faith beheld the promised land,  
 And cheered him on his toilsome road.

74 *Faith connected with salvation.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

NOT by the law of innocence  
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n ;  
 New works can give us no pretense  
 To have our former sins forgiv'n :

- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done  
 Can make a wounded conscience whole !  
 Faith is the grace, and faith alone,  
 That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.
- 3 Lord, I believe Thy heav'nly word !  
 Fain would I have my soul renewed :  
 I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord  
 To have it pardoned and subdued.

- 4 O may Thy grace its pow'r display !  
 Let righteousness within me reign ;  
 Save me in Thine appointed way,  
 Nor let my humble faith be vain !

75

*Lamb of God.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

NOT all the blood of beasts  
 On Jewish altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
 Takes all our sins away ;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name  
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
 On that dear head of Thine—  
 While as a penitent I stand,  
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
 The burden Thou didst bear,  
 When hanging on the cursed tree,  
 And knows her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove ;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing His bleeding love.



76

*A living faith.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

**M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,  
 And make their empty boast  
 Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,  
 While they are slaves to lust !

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
 If faith be cold and dead ;  
 None but a living pow'r unites  
 To Christ, the living Head :—

3 A faith that changes all the heart ;  
 A faith that works by love ;  
 That bids all sinful joys depart,  
 And lifts the thoughts above.

4 Faith must obey our Father's will,  
 As well as trust His grace :  
 A pard'ning God requires us still  
 To perfect holiness.

77

*Triumphant Faith.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

**O** LET triumphant faith dispel  
 The fears of guilt and wo !  
 If God be for us, God the Lord,  
 Who, who shall be our foe ?

2 He who His only Son gave up  
 To death, that we might live,  
 Shall He not all things freely grant,  
 That boundless love can give ?

3 Who now His people shall accuse ?  
 'Tis God hath justified :  
 Who now His people shall condemn ?  
 The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And He who died hath ris'n again,  
 Triumphant, from the grave :  
 At God's right hand for us He pleads,  
 Omnipotent to save.

78 *Faith without Works is dead.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

AS body, when the soul has fled,—  
 As barren trees, decayed and dead,  
 Is faith—a hopeless, lifeless thing—  
 If not of righteousness the spring.

2 To doers only of His word,  
 Propitious is th' all-seeing Lord :  
 He hears their cries, accepts their pray'rs,  
 And heals their wounds, and soothes their cares.

3 In true and active faith, we trace  
 The source of ev'ry Christian grace :  
 Within the pious heart it plays,  
 A living fount of joy and praise.

4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray  
 Where'er the stream has found its way :  
 But where they spring not rich and fair,  
 The stream has never wandered there.

79

*Prayer for strong faith.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chast'ning rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That, when in danger, knows no fear,  
In darkness, feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile;  
That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And with a pure and heav'nly ray  
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

## VII. JUSTIFICATION.

80

*The Rock of Ages.*

7s.—6 No. 33.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me !  
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy wounded side that flowed,  
 Be of sin the perfect cure ;  
 Save me, Lord ! and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
 Should my zeal no languor know,  
 This for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone :  
 In my hand no price I bring ;  
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eye-lids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold Thee on thy throne,  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me !  
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

81

*Physician of souls.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made ;  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
 In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;  
 The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns  
 With fatal strength in ev'ry part;  
 The dire contagion fills the veins,  
 And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sov'reign balm be found?  
 And is no kind Physician nigh,  
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great Physician near;  
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live;  
 See, in His heav'nly smiles appear  
 Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;  
 'T is only this dear sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

82 *Christ the Paschal Lamb.* 8s, 7s.—4 No. 16—or, 8 No. 28.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on Thee were laid:  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.

- 2 Adam's sons are now forgiven,  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood!  
 Opened is the gate of heaven—  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,  
 There for ever to abide ;  
 All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side.
- 4 There for sinners Thou art pleading—  
 There Thou dost our place prepare ;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.
- 5 Glory, honor, pow'r, and blessing  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.
- 6 When we join th' angelic spirits,  
 In their sweetest, noblest lays,  
 We will sing our Saviour's merits—  
 Gladly chant Immanuel's praise.

83 *Salvation in none other than Jesus.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

IN vain would boasting reason find  
 The path to happiness and God ;  
 Her weak directions leave the mind  
 Bewildered in a doubtful road.

- 2 Jesus, thy words alone impart  
 Eternal life ; on these I live ;  
 Diviner comforts cheer my heart  
 Than all the pow'rs of nature give.

- 3 Here let my constant feet abide ;  
 Thou art the true, the living way :  
 Let Thy good Spirit be my guide  
 To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 The various forms that men devise,  
 To shake my faith with treach'rous art,  
 I scorn as vanity and lies,  
 And bind Thy gospel to my heart.

84 *Christ the believer's all.* 8s, 7s.—4 No. 16 or 8 No. 28.

LAMB of God, we fall before Thee,  
 Humbly trusting in Thy cross ;  
 That alone be all our glory,  
 All things else are only dross.

- 2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
 Only source of all that's good.  
 Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favor  
 Come to us through Jesus' blood.
- 3 Jesus gives us true repentance,  
 By His Spirit sent from heav'n ;  
 Whispers this transporting sentence,—  
 " Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."
- 4 Faith He grants us to believe it,  
 Grateful hearts His love to prize :  
 Want we wisdom? He must give it ;  
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

5 Jesus gives us pure affections,  
Wills to do what He requires ;  
Makes us follow His directions,  
And what He commands, inspires.

6 All our prayers, and all our praises,  
Rightly offered in His name,  
He that dictates them is Jesus ;  
He that answers is the same.

85

*Salvation by grace.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

L ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,  
How great our guilt has been !  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
For ever love His name,  
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways  
Of folly, sin and shame.

3 'T is not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done,  
But we are saved by sov'reign grace  
Abounding through His Son.

4 'T is from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin ;  
'T is by the water and the blood  
Our souls are washed from sin.



5 'T is through the purchase of His death,  
 Who hung upon the tree,  
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
 On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead we live anew ;  
 And, justified by grace,  
 We shall appear in glory too,  
 And see our Father's face.

86

*God reconciled in Christ.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

**D**EAREST of all the names above,  
 My Jesus, and my God,  
 Who can resist Thy heav'nly love,  
 Or trifle with Thy blood ?

2 'T is by the merits of Thy death  
 The Father smiles again ;  
 'T is by Thine interceding breath  
 The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
 My thoughts no comfort find ;  
 The holy, just, and sacred Three  
 Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
 My hope, my joy begins ;  
 His name forbids my slavish fear,  
 His grace removes my sins.

- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,  
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
 I love th' incarnate mystery,  
 And there I fix my trust.

87

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
 Beheld our helpless grief,  
 He saw, and (O amazing love !)  
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
 With joyful haste he fled,  
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the pow'rs of darkness thus,  
 And brake our iron chains ;  
 Jesus has freed our captive souls  
 From everlasting pains.
- 5 O for this love let rocks and hills  
 Their lasting silence break,  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
 The Saviour's praises speak.

- 6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
 Strike all your harps of gold ;  
 But when you raise your highest notes,  
 His love can ne'er be told.

88

*The blessedness of gospel times.* S. M.—4 No. 13

HOW beauteous are their feet  
 Who stand on Zion's hill !  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal

- 2 How charming is their voice !  
 How sweet the tidings are !  
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
 He reigns and triumphs here."

- 3 How happy are our ears  
 That hear this joyful sound,  
 Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found !

- 4 How blessed are our eyes  
 That see this heav'nly light ;  
 Prophets and kings desired it long,  
 But died without the sight !

- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ ;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
 Through all the earth abroad :  
 Let ev'ry nation now behold  
 Their Saviour and their God.

89

*Salvation by faith.*

8.7.8.7 8.8.7.—7 No. 2.

TO us salvation now has come,  
 God's wondrous grace revealing ;  
 Works never can avert our doom—  
 They have no pow'r of healing.  
 Faith looks to God's beloved Son,  
 Who has for us deliv'rance won—  
 He is our great Redeemer !

2 What God's most holy precept claims  
 No child of Adam renders ;  
 But from the throne dread vengeance flames,  
 And speaks the curse in thunders.  
 The flesh ne'er prompts those pure desires  
 That, 'bove all else, the law requires ;—  
 Relief by law is hopeless !

3 But all the law must be fulfilled,  
 Or we must sink despairing ;—  
 Then came the Son—so God had willed,—  
 Our human nature sharing,  
 For us the law's demands obeyed,  
 And thus His Father's vengeance stayed,  
 Which over us impended.

4 Now to the God of matchless grace,  
 To Father, Son and Spirit,

We lift our highest songs of praise,  
 All praise His favors merit.  
 All He has said He will perform,  
 And save us by His mighty arm,—  
 His worthy name be hallowed !

90 *Thanksgiving for the gift of Christ. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.—7 No. 2.*

REJOICE, ye ransomed of the Lord,  
 Now banish all your sadness,  
 Tune all your hearts with one accord,  
 And sing aloud for gladness :  
 Tell what the Lord for us hath wrought,  
 At what a price our souls He bought,  
 And all His wondrous goodness.

2 A slave of Satan once I lay,  
 Beneath death's gloomy power,  
 Sin racked my soul by night and day,  
 And ever deeper, lower,  
 With ev'ry day and hour, I fell ;  
 No peace within my breast might dwell,  
 Sin reigned in all my nature.

3 Good works with me could naught avail,  
 By them I must have perished ;  
 To goodness dead, I dared assail  
 His law Who me had cherished !  
 My anguish drove me to despair,  
 Whilst death frowned on me ev'ry where,  
 And hell yawned just before me.

4 Then touched my wretchedness the heart  
 Of Him who reigns in heaven ;  
 He deigned His mercy to impart,  
 And show my sins forgiven—  
 My Father's heart yearned over me ;  
 What greater love than this could be,  
 Which gave His richest treasure ?

5 “Go, my beloved Son,” said He,  
 “Thou Who my glory wearest,  
 Now let the world my mercy see  
 Whilst Thou salvation bearest ;  
 Now burst their bonds, and free from sin,  
 Destroy the reign of death, and win  
 Eternal life for sinners.”

6 The Son obeyed the Father's voice,  
 He owned His virgin mother ;  
 Let all the world aloud rejoice,  
 He hath become my brother ;  
 Yea He my humble form assumes,  
 And Satan to perdition dooms,  
 And thus His kingdom cometh.

91 *Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.* 9.8.9.8.8.8.—6 No. 6.

I NOW have found, for hope of heaven,  
 An anchor-ground that firm will hold ;  
 One—through the cross of Jesus given,  
 By God predestined from of old ;  
 A ground that shall enduring stay  
 When earth and skies have passed away.

- 2 'Tis *Mercy*,—mercy, never ending,  
Whose measure all our thoughts excels,  
The arms of pity, wide extending,  
Of *Him* whose heart for sinners feels,  
And Whose compassion warns His foes  
To fly from sin and endless woes.
- 3 And why should we be lost forever—  
Since God to us commends His love?  
His Son, with message of His favor,  
Invites to holy joys above;  
To win our hearts, as oft before,  
He now is knocking at the door.
- 4 This love's a deep—our follies merging!  
The death of Christ,—a matchless grace!  
From sin and death our souls e'er urging,  
That wrath no more may find a place.  
His blood for us is pleading still  
“*Let Mercy all its works fulfill!*”
- 5 Upon this ground I will sustain me  
As long as earth my dwelling prove;  
To serve my God and Saviour train me,  
Till, dying, I shall rise above;—  
And there, rejoicing, will adore  
Unbounded Mercy evermore.

92

*Treasure in heaven.*

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.—7 No. 2

ASPIRE, my heart, *on high* to live !  
 For *there* is found thy treasure :  
 What's *here*, would all thy hopes deceive,—  
*There* only is true pleasure.  
 Poor is the wealth that soon must fail,  
 None other can for thee avail  
 Than riches stored in heaven.

2 'Tis all a gift,—not wages paid,—  
 This treasure none can merit ;  
 And Jesus, who atonement made,  
 He, only, can confer it.  
 The soul can have no higher good,  
 Than God's beloved Son, with blood,  
 For us hath dearly purchased.

3 This is a treasure will remain,—  
 By faith in Him, we seal it :  
 No foe can make its title vain,  
 No thief can ever steal it.  
 Nor death nor time its worth destroys,  
 'Twill be a source of holy joys,  
 Long as the soul is living.

93

*Justification and Sanctification.*

L. M.—4 No. 12

BLEST is the man, forever blest,  
 Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,  
 Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,  
 And covered with his Saviour's blood.



- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
 Imputes not his iniquities,  
 He pleads no merit of reward,  
 And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free,  
 His humble joy, his holy fear,  
 With deep repentance well agree,  
 And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
 That hides and cancels all his sins !  
 While a bright evidence of grace  
 Through his whole life appears and shines.

94

*Penitential Gratitude.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

- R**ISE, O my soul, the hours review,  
 When awed by guilt and fear,  
 To heav'n for grace Thou durst not sue,  
 Nor foundest rescue here :
- 2 Thy tears are dried, Thy griefs are fled,  
 Dispelled each bitter care ;  
 For heav'n itself has lent its aid  
 To save thee from despair.
- 3 Here, then, O God ! Thy work fulfill,  
 And, from Thy mercy's throne,  
 Vouchsafe me strength to do Thy will,  
 And to resist my own:

- 4 So shall my soul each pow'r employ.  
 Thy mercy to adore ;  
 While heav'n itself proclaims with joy—  
 “One pardoned sinner more !”

95

*The Christian's clothing.*

L. M.—4 No. 12

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress :  
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
 To take my mansion in the skies,  
 E'en then shall this be *all* my plea—  
 “Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.”
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
 Fully, through Thee, absolved I am  
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears  
 When ruined nature sinks in years ;  
 No age can change its glorious hue,  
 The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 And when the dead shall hear Thy voice,  
 Thy banished children shall rejoice ;  
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
 Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

96 *Christ, our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c. S. M.—4 No. 13.*

HOW heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ with His reviving light  
Over our souls arise !

2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heav'n ;  
But, in His righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways ;  
His hands infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell in vain,  
To hold our souls, agree ;  
For Jesus breaks the cursed chain,  
And sets from bondage free.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways,  
To bring us near to God ;  
Thy sov'reign pow'r, Thy healing grace,  
And Thine atoning blood.

## IV. The Church.

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### I. IN GENERAL.

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97

*Love to the Church.*

S. M.—4 No. 13

I LOVE Thy Zion, Lord !  
The house of Thine abode ;  
The church, O blest Redeemer, saved  
By Thine own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God !  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

3 Should I with scoffers join  
Her altars to abuse ?  
No ! better far, my tongue were dumb,  
My hand its skill should lose.

4 O ! ne'er may I forget  
Her welfare nor her woe ;  
Lest ev'ry joy my heart forsake,  
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall ;  
 For her my pray'rs ascend ;  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heav'nly ways,  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.

98

*Jesus shall reign.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run ;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
 Dwell on His love with grateful song ;  
 And with united hearts proclaim  
 That grace and truth by Jesus came.

3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns  
 The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains,  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Where He displays His healing pow'r,  
 The sting of death is known no more :  
 In Him the sons of Adam boast  
 More blessings than their father lost.

99

*The city of God.*

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.—8 No. 28.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God ;  
 He, whose word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for His own abode :  
 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove :  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
 See the cloud and fire appear !  
 For a glory and a cov'ring,  
 Showing that the Lord is near :  
 Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night and shade by day ;  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which He gives them when they pray.

100

*The church revived.*

8.7.8.7.4.7.—6 No. 34.

ON the mountain top appearing,  
 Lo, the sacred herald stands ;

Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands :  
 Mourning captive,  
 God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?  
 Cease thy mourning,  
 Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee !  
 He Himself appears thy friend :  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.  
 Great deliv'rance  
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

101 *Union of saints on earth and in heaven. C. M.—4 No. 3*

THE saints on earth, and those above,  
 But one communion make ;  
 Joined to their Lord, in bonds of love,  
 All of His grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,  
 One church above, beneath ;  
 Though now divided by the stream  
 The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,  
 To His commands we bow ;

Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home  
Are swiftly borne away ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide !  
Then, when the word is giv'n,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heav'n.

## 102

*Safety of the church.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let His praise be great ;  
He makes the church His own abode,  
His most delightful seat.

2 In Zion God is known,  
A refuge in distress :  
How bright has His salvation shone  
Through all her palaces !

3 When kings against her joined,  
And saw the Lord was there,  
In wild confusion of the mind,  
They fled with hasty fear.

4 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,



How well our God secures the fold  
Where His own sheep have been.

- 5 In ev'ry new distress  
We'll to His house repair ;  
We'll call to mind His wondrous grace  
And seek deliv'rance there.

103

*Prayer for Zion.*

L. M.—4 No. 12

**F**ORSAKE us not—Oh, Lord ! be near  
Thy Church, when low'ring clouds appear ;  
That heav'nly light, Thy word divine,  
Continue in our midst to shine.

- 2 While sin and death around we see,  
Oh ! grant that we may constant be ;  
And pure retain, till life is spent,  
Thy precious word and sacrament.
- 3 Dear Saviour ! help—Thy church uphold ;  
For we are sluggish, thoughtless, cold—  
Indue Thy word with pow'r and grace,  
And spread its truth in ev'ry place.
- 4 Yes—leave us but Thy word, we pray ;  
The fatal wiles of Satan stay—  
Oh ! smile upon Thy church—give grace,  
And courage, patience, love and peace.
- 5 Oh God ! how sin's dread works abound ;  
Throughout the earth no rest is found ;

And wide has falsehood's spirit spread,  
And error boldly rears its head.

6 And ever is there some thing new  
Devised to change Thy doctrines true,  
Lord Jesus! as Thou still dost reign,  
Those vain presumptuous minds restrain.

7 And as the cause and glory, Lord—  
Are Thine, not ours—do Thou afford  
Us help and strength and constancy,  
And keep us ever true to Thee.

8 Thy word shall fortify us hence,  
It is Thy Church's sure defense;  
Oh! let us in its pow'r confide,  
That we may seek no other guide.

9 Here on Thy word in faith we lean,  
There Thou shalt be forever seen;  
And when our journey endeth here,  
Receive us Lord, in glory there.

104

*Jerusalem.*

8s &amp; 6s.—S No. 3.

THY glory's fled, Jerusalem,  
Thine altars overthrown;  
And none is left of David's line  
To sit on Judah's throne.  
And Judah's sceptre now has giv'n  
Place to a stranger's rod;  
And strangers enter by the gate,  
Where Judah's princes trod.

- 2 And bowed beneath thy faded palm  
Thy daughters sit and mourn ;  
Their crown is fall'n, their beauty gone,  
And night their brightest morn.  
And Judah's sons have wandered forth  
Afar, to exile driv'n ;  
Outcast from their once favored land,  
By righteous curse of heav'n.
- 3 The hills in all their fastness stand  
Around Jerusalem ;  
And still adown its rocky bed  
Flows Kidron's rapid stream ;  
And still is seen the branch of peace  
On ancient Olivet ;  
And Hermon's hill and Zion's mount  
In heaven's own dews are wet.
- 4 But not on Judah's sons descends  
The dew of heaven's grace ;  
Nor peace nor joy is longer giv'n  
To their rejected race.  
Her Sabbaths long their land enjoys,  
By them unhallowed ;  
And vainly on the barren ground  
The kindliest dews are shed,
- 5 Till God with Sharon's choicest rose  
Shall bid the desert spring,  
And standing thick with golden grain,  
The vales shall laugh and sing :

And Judah's sons shall join the song  
 That hails with glad accord,  
 Their peace, their glory and their joy,  
 Christ, their anointed Lord.

105

*Lord! save Thy Church!* L. M.—4 No. 12.

THINE honor rescue; righteous Lord!  
 Hear Zion's sighs and help afford;  
 Destroy the wiles of potent foes,  
 Who still Thy word and truth oppose.

2 Their craft and vaunting pomp are great,  
 High beat their hearts, with pow'r elate;  
 Our dearest hopes they but deride,  
 And deem us nothing in their pride.

3 Forgive, O Lord! our sins forgive,  
 Show us Thy face and let us live:  
 Convince Thy foes throughout the land  
 That godless counsels shall not stand.

4 Preserve Thy little flock in peace,  
 Nor let Thy boundless mercy cease:  
 Let it to all the world appear  
 Thy holy Church indeed is here.

5 That Thou art with us, loud proclaim  
 Who put'st each enemy to shame,  
 Dost all their haughtiness suppress  
 And help Thine own in their distress.

06 *God, the Refuge of His People.* S.S.7.8.8.7.—6 No. 7.

THOU little flock, be not afraid,  
 Though foes against thee stand arrayed  
 And ready to destroy thee,  
 Although thy ruin they prepare,  
 And fill thee oft with anxious care :  
 They shall not long annoy thee.

2 Thy cause is God's ; this comfort thee,  
 And His, not thine, the vengeance be ;  
 Let Him perform His pleasure ;  
 The needful help thou shalt obtain,  
 Thee and His word He will sustain  
 Through Christ, His own dear Treasure.

3 As God is God, and true His word  
 Fierce Satan and his bellish herd,  
 The world and all their powers,  
 Shall reap but shame beneath His rod :  
 God is with us, and we with God :  
 The vict'ry must be ours.

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## II. PUBLIC WORSHIP AND LORD'S DAY.

07 *Prayer for the divine presence.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
 Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,  
 Meet to recount His acts of grace,  
 And offer solemn pray'r and praise ;

- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,  
Amid this little company ;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on Thy faithful word :  
Now send Thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

108

*For public worship.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

- O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
For here we trust Thou art !  
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire  
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Show us some tokens of Thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ;  
And pour Thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our prayers ;  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.

- 5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
 Enforced by mighty grace,  
 Awaken sinners all around  
 To come and fill the place.

109

*Before sermon.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,  
 Prepare us to receive Thy word ;  
 Now let Thy voice engage our ear,  
 And faith be mixed with what we hear.

- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
 And fix our hearts and hopes above :  
 With food divine may we be fed,  
 And satisfied with living bread.

- 3 To us the sacred word apply,  
 With sov'reign pow'r and energy ;  
 And may we, in Thy faith and fear,  
 Reduce to practice what we hear.

- 4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal ;  
 Teach us to know and do Thy will ;  
 Thy saving pow'r and love display,  
 And guide us to the realms of day.

110

*Humble request.*

7.7.7.7.—4 No. 17.

L ORD, we come before thee now,  
 At Thy feet we humbly bow ;  
 O do not our suit disdain ;  
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

- 2 In Thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;  
Lord, we cannot let Thee go  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from Thy word  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let Thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those who are cast down, lift up;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

111 *For a right reception of God's word. C. M.—4 No. 3.*

ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast  
Like seed upon the ground;  
O let the dew of heav'n descend,  
And shed its influence round.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove;  
May it take root in ev'ry heart,  
And grow in faith and love!



3 Let not this life's deceitful cares,  
 Nor worldly wealth and joy,  
 Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast  
 The rising plant destroy.

4 Where'er the word of life is sown,  
 A large increase bestow,  
 That all who hear Thy message, Lord,  
 Its saving pow'r may know.

112

*Dismission.*

8.7.8.7.4.7.—6 No. 34.

L ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing—  
 L Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
 O refresh us !  
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound :  
 May Thy presence  
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,  
 May we, ready,  
 Rise and reign in endless day !

113 *The peace of God shall keep, &c.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

THE peace which God alone reveals,  
 And by His word of grace imparts,  
 Which only the believer feels,  
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the holy Three in One,  
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
 Pour an abundant blessing down  
 On ev'ry soul assembled here !

114 *Dismission.* S. M.—4 No. 13

ONCE more, before we part,  
 Great God, attend our pray'r,  
 And seal the gospel on the heart  
 Of all assembled here.

2 And if we meet no more  
 On Zion's holy ground,  
 O may we reach that blissful shore  
 Where all Thy saints are bound.

115 *At parting.* 8.7.8.7.—4 No. 16.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord,

And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

116

7.7.7.7.—4 No. 17.

THANKS for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view.

2 Bless Thy word to old and young ;  
Grant us, Lord, Thy peace and love ;  
And when life's short course is run,  
Take us to Thy house above.

117

*Sunday morning.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray ;  
Dispels the darkness of the night,  
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapped  
A sinful world in gloom !  
O what a sun that broke, this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb !

3 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung :  
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,  
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

- 4 Ten thousand, thousand lips shall join  
 To hail this welcome morn,  
 Which scatters blessings from its wings  
 To nations yet unborn.

118 *The Lord's day welcomed.* S. M.—4 No. 13.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest  
 That saw the Lord arise ;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast  
 And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2 The King Himself comes near,  
 And feasts His saints to-day ;  
 Here we may sit, and see Him here  
 And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day, amid the place  
 Where Christ, my Lord, has been,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 Lord, grant my soul to stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 Till called to rise and soar away  
 To everlasting bliss.

119 *The Christian and the Lord's Day.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

THOU source of heav'nly peace and light,  
 I hail Thy hallowed day of rest ;  
 It is my weary soul's delight,  
 The solace of my care-worn breast.

- 2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,  
 Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,  
 Pass sweetly ; but they pass too soon,  
 And leave me saddened at their flight.
- 3 Yet, sweetly as they glide along,  
 And hallowed though the calm they yield,  
 Transporting though their rapt'rous song,  
 And heav'nly visions seem revealed.
- 4 My soul is desolate and drear,  
 My silent harp untuned remains,  
 Unless, my Saviour, Thou art near,  
 To heal my wounds, and soothe my pains.
- 5 O Jesus, ever let me hail  
 Thy presence with Thy day of rest ;  
 Then will Thy servant never fail  
 To deem Thy day most richly blest.

120

*Lord's day evening.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

HOW oft the day of God returns,  
 To shed its quick'ning beams ;  
 And yet how slow devotion burns,  
 How languid are its flames.

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love ;  
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive :  
 We would be like Thy saints above,  
 And praise Thee while we live.

- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
 And fit us to ascend  
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
 Thy worship ne'er shall end ;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,  
 With heav'nly lustre shine ;  
 Before the throne of God appear,  
 And feast on love divine.
- 

## III. PASTORAL.

121

*Ordination Hymn.*

7s.—8 No. 26.

FATHER ! Thy rich spirit shed  
 On this youthful suppliant's head ;  
 Soothe his self-distrusting tears,  
 Temper his abounding fears ;  
 Guide his vast and high desire,  
 Touch his lips with coals of fire ;  
 Pour Thy truth upon his soul,  
 O'er the thirsting Church to roll.

- 2 In Thy vineyard called to toil,  
 Wisely may he search the soil :  
 Sinners may he love and win,  
 While he hates and brands the sin.  
 Give him boldness for the right,  
 Give him meekness in the fight,  
 Teach him zeal and care to blend,  
 Give him patience to the end.

3 Seal, this day, the vows that hold  
 Flock and shepherd in one fold.  
 May he Jesus' mandates keep,  
 "Feed my lambs" and "feed my sheep!"  
 Bless his home; his watch-tow'r bless;  
 Lead him with Thy gentleness,  
 In the path once taught and trod,  
 By th' enduring Son of God.

4 Grant him, in his charge to find  
 List'ning ear and fervent mind,  
 Helpful counsels, deep'ning peace,  
 Earnest life, and glad increase,  
 May they, by each other led,  
 Grow to one in Christ their head,  
 And, at last, together be  
 Ripe for Heav'n and meet for Thee!

122

*Prayer for ministers.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,  
 Attentive to our earnest pray'r;  
 We plead for those who plead for Thee—  
 Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge,  
 Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;  
 Their best endowments are our gain,  
 We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,  
 Their words, and let those words be Thine:

To them Thy sacred truth reveal,  
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
 Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;  
 Teach them immortal souls to gain—  
 Souls well rewarding all their pain

5 Let thronging multitudes around  
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
 In humble strains Thy grace implore,  
 And feel Thy new-creating pow'r."

123 *The minister's strength, office, reward. L. M.—4 No. 12.*

O POUR Thy Spirit from on high !  
 Lord, Thine appointed servants bless ;  
 Thy promised pow'r to each supply,  
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
 Firmness and meekness from above,  
 To bear Thy people on their heart,  
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

3 To watch, and pray, and never faint ;  
 By day and night their guard to keep ;  
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
 Protect Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

4 And, when their work is finished here,  
 Let them in hope their charge resign ;



Before the throne with joy appear,  
And there with endless glory shine.

124 *The church blest in her officers.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

L ORD, cause Thy face on us to shine;  
L Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine;  
Teach us to prize the means of grace,  
And love Thine earthly dwelling-place.

2 One is our faith, and one our Lord;  
One body, spirit, hope, reward:  
May we in one communion be,  
One with each other, one with Thee!

3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,  
Who minister in holy things;  
Our pastors, elders, deacons, bless;  
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness:

4 Let many in the judgment day,  
Turned from the error of their way,  
Their hope, their joy, their crown, appear:—  
Save those who preach, and those who hear.

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IV. CONGREGATIONAL.

125 *At a choice of church officers.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

O ZION'S King, we suppliant bow,  
And hail the grace Thy church enjoys;  
Her holy officers are Thine,  
With all the gifts Thy love employs.

- 2 Up to Thy throne we lift our eyes,  
For blessings to attend our choice,  
Of such whose gen'rous, prudent zeal  
Shall make Thy favored ways rejoice.
- 3 When pastor, saints, and poor they serve,  
May their own hearts with grace be crowned ;  
While patience, sympathy and joy  
Adorn, and through their lives abound.
- 4 By purest love to Christ and truth,  
O may they win a high degree  
Of boldness in the Christian faith,  
And meet the smile of Thine and Thee.
- 5 And when the work to them assigned,  
The work of love, is fully done,  
Call them from serving tables here,  
To sit around Thy glorious throne.

## 126

*A blessing implored.*

L. M.—4 No. 12

HERE, in Thy name, eternal God,  
We build this earthly house for Thee ;  
O choose it for Thy fixed abode,  
And keep it from all error free.

- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear Thou in heav'n, Thy dwelling place,  
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
 The blessed gospel of Thy Son,  
 Still by the pow'r of His great name  
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,  
 Hosanna to their heav'nly King,  
 Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong;  
 Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
 Here to abide a constant guest?  
 Will here our great Redeemer reign,  
 And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart;  
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;  
 Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart;  
 In ev'ry bosom fix Thy throne.

127 *On laying the corner-stone of a church.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

WITH humble faith and fervent zeal,  
 We would address Thy throne, O God;  
 O may our breathings reach Thy hill,  
 The city of Thy blest abode.

2 Oft hast Thou, Lord, been pleased to bow  
 Thine ear, and listen to our cry;  
 Encouraged thus, we now presume,  
 O let us feel Thy presence nigh.

- 3 We come not, Lord, to plead for wealth,  
 Nor ask this world's vain, empty fame ;  
 But this we ask, (deny it not,)  
 "To build a house to Thy great name."
- 4 We trust Thy pow'r, and not our own,  
 The superstructure here to raise ;  
 May love divine our efforts crown,  
 And Thy blest name have all the praise.
- 5 And while we're privileged to rear  
 A place in which t' approach Thy throne,  
 O may we know our souls are built  
 On Christ the true foundation-stone.

128      *The Spirit's presence desired.*      C. M.—4 No. 3.

SPIRIT divine, attend our pray'r,  
 O And make this house Thy home ;  
 Descend with all Thy gracious pow'r ;  
 O come, great Spirit, come.

- 2 Come as the light—to us reveal  
 Our sinfulness and woe,  
 And lead us in the paths of life,  
 Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,  
 Like sacrificial flame ;  
 Let ev'ry soul an off'ring be  
 To our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Come, as a dove, and spread Thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love,  
And let the church on earth become  
Blest as the church above.

129      *On opening a place of worship.*      C. M.—4 No. 3

DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here  
Thy presence now display ;  
As Thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,  
So give us hearts to pray.

- 2 Show us some token of Thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ;  
And pour Thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.

- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind bestow ;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow !

- 5 May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our pray'rs ;  
And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.

- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

130

*The divine blessing solicited.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

- TO Thee this temple we devote,  
Our Father and our God ;  
Accept it Thine, and seal it now  
Thy Spirit's blest abode.
- 2 Here may the pray'r of faith ascend,  
The voice of praise arise ;  
O may each lowly service prove  
Accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,  
And weep before his Lord ;  
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,  
And here His vows record.
- 4 Here may affliction dry the tear,  
And learn to trust in God,  
Convinced it is a Father smites,  
And love that guides the rod.
- 5 Peace be within these sacred walls ;  
Prosperity be here ;  
Still smile upon Thy people, Lord,  
And evermore be near.

## V. CONFIRMATION.

131 *First communion, or confirmation.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,  
 Was bought and saved by blood divine;  
 With full consent Thine I would be,  
 And own Thy sov'reign right to me.

2 Here, Lord, my life, my soul, my all,  
 I yield to Thee beyond recall;  
 Accept Thine own, so long withheld—  
 Accept what I so freely yield!

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
 Among the children of Thy grace;  
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

4 Thine would I live—Thine would I die—  
 Be Thine through all eternity;  
 The vow is past beyond repeal;  
 Now will I set the solemn seal.

5 Be Thou the witness of my vow—  
 Angels and men attest it too,  
 That to Thy board I now repair,  
 And seal the sacred contract there.

6 Here at Thy cross, where flows the blood  
 That bought my guilty soul for God,  
 Thee my new Master now I call,  
 And consecrate to Thee my all.

- 7 Do Thou assist a feeble worm  
 The great engagement to perform ;  
 Thy grace assistance can extend,  
 And on that grace I will depend.

132      *On admission of new members.*      L. M.—4 No. 12.

WELCOME, thou well beloved of God,  
 Thou heir of grace, redeemed by blood .  
 Welcome with us thy hand to join  
 As partner of our lot divine.

- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace :  
 We're trav'ling to a blissful place ;  
 The Holy Ghost, Who knows the way,  
 Conduct thee on from day to day.

- 3 Take up thy cross and patient bear,  
 It shall be light and easy here :  
 Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,  
 And wear an everlasting crown.

133      *Uniting with the Church.*      C. M.—4 No. 3.

YE men and angels, witness now,  
 Before the Lord we speak ;  
 To Him we make our solemn vow,  
 A vow we may not break,—

- 2 That long as life itself shall last,  
 Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
 Nor from His cause will we depart,  
 Or ever quit the field.



- 3 We trust not our unaided strength,  
 But on His grace rely ;  
 May He, with our returning wants,  
 All needful help supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,  
 And keep us in Thy ways ;  
 And while we turn our vows to pray'rs,  
 Turn Thou our pray'rs to praise.

134      *The new member's declaration.*      7s.—4 No. 17.

PEOPLE of the living God,  
 I have sought the world around,  
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
 Peace and comfort no where found.

- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,  
 Turns a fugitive unblest ;  
 Brethren, where your altar burns,  
 O receive me into rest !
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;  
 Where you dwell shall be my home,  
 Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore ;  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
 Earth can fill my soul no more,  
 Ev'ry idol I resign.

5 Tell me not of gain and loss,  
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp and pow'r;  
 Welcome, poverty and cross,  
 Shame, reproach, affliction's pow'r.

6 "Follow me!" I know Thy voice;  
 Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see:  
 Now I take Thy yoke by choice,  
 Light's Thy burden now to me.

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## VI. MISSIONARY.

135      *Obligation to spread the gospel.*      7, 6.—8 No. 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—  
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile?—  
 In vain, with lavish kindness,  
 The gifts of God are strewn;  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 By wisdom from on high—  
 Shall we to man benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation!—oh, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft—waft, ye winds, His story;  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 Returns in bliss to reign.

136

*Universal extension of Christ's kingdom.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

O LORD, our God, arise,  
 The cause of truth maintain,  
 And wide o'er all the peopled world  
 Extend her blessed reign.

- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,  
 Nor let Thy glory cease;  
 Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,  
 And bless the earth with peace.

3 O Holy Spirit, rise,  
Expand Thy heav'nly wing,  
And o'er a dark and ruined world  
Let light and order spring.

4 O all ye nations, rise,  
To God the Saviour sing ;  
From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n,  
Let echoing anthems ring.

137 *Prayer for Zion's increase.* L. M.—4 No. 12

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !  
Put on Thy strength—the nations shake :  
And let the world, adoring, see  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,  
“I am Jehovah !—God alone !”  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt—  
Vain sacrifice for human guilt !  
But to each conscience be applied  
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Let Zion's time of favor come ;  
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;  
And let our wond'ring eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold !

## V. Festivals.

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### I. ADVENT.

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138

*The advent of the Saviour.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long!  
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And ev'ry voice a song.

- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts His sacred fire;  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held:  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray;  
And on the eyes, oppressed with night,  
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And with the treasures of His grace,  
 T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With Thy beloved name.

139      *"Art Thou He that should come?"*      7s.—4 No. 17

IS this Jesus, then, the Lord,  
 Promised since the world began ?  
 Ask the blind to sight restored,  
 Ask the lame who leaped and ran ;

2 Ask the once loathed leper clean,  
 Ask the dead to life restored :  
 They will tell thee Christ hath been,—  
 Christ will ever be—the Lord.

3 Say thou, poor man, hath not He,  
 As the Prophet spake of old,  
 Preached His Gospel unto thee ?—  
 Is not this the Christ foretold ?

4 Come unto Him, all ye meek,  
 Shun not of His cross the shame :  
 Blest all they His love who seek,  
 Bearing witness to His name.

# 140

*Christ the Messenger of mercy.* S. M.—4 No. 13.

RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune ;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bade Him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,  
No terror clothes His brow ;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,  
No wrath stood frowning by,  
When Christ was sent with pardon down  
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears ;  
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;  
Bow to the sceptre of His love,  
And take the offered peace.

# 141

*Christ comes to destroy sin.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

JOY to the world ! the Lord has come !  
Let earth receive her King :  
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns,  
 Let men their songs employ ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
 He comes to make His blessings flow  
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of His righteousness,  
 And wonders of His love.

142 *Blessings of Christ's kingdom. 7s & 6s.—8 No. 6.*

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
 Great David's greater Son !  
 Hail, in the time appointed,  
 His reign on earth begun !  
 He comes to break oppression,  
 To set the captive free,  
 To take away transgression,  
 And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,  
 To those who suffer wrong ;  
 To help the poor and needy,  
 And bid the weak be strong ;  
 To give them songs for sighing,  
 Their darkness turn to light,



Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth;  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall pray'r unceasing  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing—  
A kingdom without end:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove:  
His name shall stand for ever;  
That name to us is love.

143 "*Behold! thy King cometh unto thee.*"—Matth. 21, 1—9.

7s & 6s.—S No. 6.

**L**ORD, how shall I be meeting,  
And how shall I embrace  
Thee, earth's desire, when greeting  
My soul's adorning grace.  
O Jesus, Jesus, holding  
Thyself, the flame, in sight,  
Show how, Thy beam beholding,  
I may my God delight.

- 2 Fresh palms Thy Zion streweth,  
And branches ever green,  
And psalms my voice reneweth  
To raise my joy serene.  
Such budding tribute paying,  
My heart shall hymn Thy praise,  
Thy holy name obeying  
With chiefest of my lays.
- 3 What hast Thou left ungranted,  
To give me glad relief?  
When soul and body panted  
In utmost depths of grief,  
In hour of degradation  
Thy peace and pity smiled,  
Then Thou, my soul's salvation,  
Didst happy make Thy child.
- 4 Nought, nought did send Thee speeding  
From mansions of the skies  
But love, all love exceeding,  
Love, able to comprise  
A world, in pangs despairing,  
Weighed down with thousand woes,  
That tongue would fail declaring;  
But love doth fast enclose.
- 5 Grave on your heart this writing,  
O band of mourners poor!  
With pains and sorrows fighting,  
That throng you more and more;

Dismiss the fear that sickens,  
 For lo! beside you see  
 Him, who your heart now quickens  
 And comforts; here is He!

6 Nor need ye tremble over  
 The guilt that gives distress;  
 No! Jesus all will cover  
 With grace and righteousness.  
 He comes, He comes, procuring  
 The peace of sin forgiv'n,  
 To all God's sons securing  
 Their part and lot in heav'n.

7 He comes to judge the nations,  
 Wroth, if they guilty prove,  
 With sweet illuminations  
 To those who seek His love.  
 Come, come, O Son eternal!  
 And all our souls convey  
 To endless bliss supernal  
 In yonder court of day!

144

*Triumphs of the gospel.*

7s.—8 No. 26.

**W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are!  
 Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height  
 See the glory-beaming star!  
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
 Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night :  
 Higher yet that star ascends !  
 Trav'ler ! blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth its course portends !  
 Watchman ! will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Trav'ler ! ages are its own ;  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn ;  
 Trav'ler ! darkness takes its flight ;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn !  
 Watchman ! let thy wand'ring cease,  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home ;  
 Trav'ler, lo ! the Prince of peace,  
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

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II. NATIVITY.

145 *The Angel's message to the shepherds.* C. M.—4 No. 3

ON Judah's plains as shepherds kept  
 Watch o'er their flocks by night,  
 The angel of the Lord appeared,  
 Clad in celestial light.

2 Awe-struck the vision they regard,  
 Appalled with trembling fear ;  
 When thus a cherub-voice divine  
 Breathed sweetly on their ear :

- 3 "Shepherds of Judah ! cease your fears,  
And calm your troubled mind ;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 4 This day almighty love fulfills  
Its great eternal word ;  
This day is born in Bethlehem  
A Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 5 There shall you find the heav'nly babe  
In humblest weeds arrayed ;  
All meanly wrapped in swaddling clothes  
And in a manger laid."
- 6 He ceased, and sudden all around  
Appeared a radiant throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
They sang their choral song :
- 7 "Glory to God, from whom on high  
All-gracious mercies flow !  
Who sends His heav'n-descended peace  
To dwell with man below."

146 *The birth of Christ joy to the world. 6s & 4s.—8 No. 14.*

**H**ARK ! what celestial notes,  
What melody we hear !  
Soft on the morn it floats,  
And fills the ravished ear.

The tuneful shell,  
The golden lyre  
And vocal choir  
The concert swell.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,  
With harmony divine ;  
See how from heav'n they bend,  
And in full chorus join.  
Fear not, say they :  
Great joy we bring :  
Jesus, your King,  
Is born to-day.

3 He comes, from error's night  
Your wand'ring feet to save ;  
To realms of bliss and light  
He lifts you from the grave.  
This glorious morn,  
(Let all attend !)  
Your matchless friend,  
Your Saviour's born.

4 Glory to God on high !  
Ye mortals, spread the sound,  
And let your raptures fly  
To earth's remotest bound.  
For peace on earth,  
From God in heav'n,  
To man is giv'n,  
At Jesus' birth.

147 *Good tidings of great joy.* 8.7.8.7.4.7.—6 No. 34.

ANGELS! from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye, who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:  
Come and worship—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the fields abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the heav'nly light.  
Come and worship—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages! leave your contemplations;  
Brighter visions beam afar:  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship—  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

148 *Praise for the incarnation.* 11s & 10s.—4 No. 8.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,

To Bethl'hem go, the Lord of life to meet;  
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour;  
O come, and let us worship at His feet.

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,  
Our praise and rev'ence are an off'ring meet;  
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us;  
O come, and let us worship at His feet.

3 Praise His almighty name, ye choirs of angels,  
Let the celestial courts His praise repeat:  
Unto our God be glory in the highest;  
O come, and let us worship at His feet.

149 *Joy at the birth of the Saviour.*—St. Luke, ii. 10 & 11  
6s & 5s.—8 No. 34.

LO, the day is springing  
In the eastern sky:  
Hark! the lark is singing  
As he mounts on high.  
Shake off sleep's dull fetters,  
Let thy anthems rise,  
On this gladsome morning  
Joyous to the skies.

2 Rouse thee, slumb'ring mortal—  
On this happy morn,  
Thy Divine Redeemer  
Jesus Christ was born.



Heaven's day-spring rises  
 O'er the darkened earth ;  
 Heaven's choir rejoices  
 O'er the Saviour's birth.

3 List their gladsome voices,  
 As they chant the strain,—  
 “Glory in the highest  
 Peace to sinful men ;”  
 Sin's dark reign is over,  
 Satan overthrown,  
 Heaven's portals opened,  
 Heav'n is now our own.

4 Mortals sing Hosannas  
 To the Prince of Peace ;  
 Write upon your banners  
 “Christ our Righteousness.”  
 Heav'n with earth rejoices  
 On this happy day ;  
 Men and angel voices,  
 Their glad tribute pay.

150

*Hosanna to Christ.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

**H**OSANNA to the royal Son  
 Of David's ancient line,  
 His natures two, His person one,  
 Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,  
 And offspring is the same ;

Eternity and time are joined  
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest He that comes to wretched men  
With peaceful news from heav'n;  
Hosannas of the highest strain  
To Christ the Lord be giv'n.

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
"Hosanna" on their tongues,  
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break  
Their silence into songs.

151 *Glory and goodness in Christ's mission. C. M.—4 No. 3*

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes  
And join th' angelic throng;  
For angels no such love have known,  
T' awake a cheerful song.

2 Good will to guilty men is shown,  
And peace on earth is giv'n;  
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,  
A messenger from heav'n.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn:  
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,  
Now such a child is born.

4 Glory to God, in highest strains,  
In highest worlds be paid!  
His glory by our lips proclaimed,  
And by our lives displayed!

## III. NEW-YEAR.

152

*A hymn for New Year.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand  
 By which supported still we stand;  
 The op'ning year Thy mercy shows—  
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

- 2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,  
 Still we are guarded by our God;  
 By His incessant bounty fed,  
 By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
 The future, all to us unknown,  
 We to Thy guardian care commit,  
 And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
 Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;  
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
 Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,  
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
 Our helper, God, in whom we trust,  
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.

153

*For New Year's Day.*

7s.—8 No. 26.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here;

Fixed in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below ;  
 We a little longer wait,  
 But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts and leaves no trace behind ;  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live,  
 With eternity in view :  
 Bless Thy word to young and old,  
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with Thee above.

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IV. EPIPHANY.

154 *Praise to the Saviour.* 11.10.11.10.—4 No. 22.

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 

## V. PASSION.

155

*The passion of Christ.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

COME, let our mournful songs record  
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
 When He expired in shame and blood,  
 Like one forsaken of His God.

- 2 The Jews beheld Him thus forlorn,  
 And shook their heads, and laughed in scorn;  
 "He rescued others from the grave,  
 Now let Him try Himself to save."

- 3 O hardened people ! cruel priests !  
 How they stood round like savage beasts !  
 Like lions ready to devour,  
 When God had left Him in their pow'r !
- 4 They wound His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Till streams of blood each other meet ;  
 By lot His garments they divide,  
 And mock the pangs in which He died.
- 5 But gracious God ! Thy pow'r and love  
 Have made His death a blessing prove :  
 Though once upon the cross He bled,  
 Immortal honors crown His head.
- 6 Through Christ the Son our guilt forgive,  
 And let the mourning sinner live !  
 The Lord will hear us in His name,  
 Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

156      *The love of a dying Saviour.*      C. M.—4 No. 3.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
 Nailed to the shameful tree !  
 How vast the love that Him inclined  
 To bleed and die for thee !

- 2 Hark, how He groans ! while nature shakes,  
 And earth's strong pillars bend !  
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
 And solid marbles rend.

- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid.  
 "Receive my soul !" He cries :  
 See where He bows His sacred head !  
 He bows His head and dies !
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,  
 And in full glory shine ;  
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,  
 Was ever love like Thine !

157

*"Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."*

8.7.8.7 8.7.8.7.—8 No. 28.

"STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"  
 See Him dying on the tree !  
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected ;  
 Yes, my soul, 'tis He ! 'tis He !  
 'Tis the long expected prophet,  
 David's son, yet David's Lord ;  
 Proofs I see sufficient of it :  
 'Tis a true and faithful word.

- 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groaning,  
 Was there ever grief like His ?  
 Friends through fear His cause disowning,  
 Foes insulting His distress :  
 Many hands were raised to wound Him,  
 None would interpose to save ;  
 But the deepest stroke that pierced Him  
 Was the stroke that justice gave.

- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
 Nor suppose the evil great ;  
 Here may view its nature rightly,  
 Here its guilt may estimate.  
 Mark the sacrifice appointed !  
 See *who* bears the awful load ;  
 'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,  
 Son of man, and Son of God.
- 4 Here we have a firm foundation ;  
 Here's the refuge of the lost :  
 Christ's the rock of our salvation :  
 His the name of which we boast :  
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded !  
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt !  
 None shall ever be confounded  
 Who on Him their hope have built.

158

*Christ our substitute.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

- 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,  
 Thy Son sustained that heavy load  
 Of base reproach and sore disgrace,  
 And shame defiled His sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, His brethren and His kin,  
 Abused Him when He checked their sin ;  
 While He fulfilled Thy holy laws,  
 They hated Him without a cause.
- 3 Zeal for the temple of His God  
 Consumed His life, exposed His blood ;



Reproaches at Thy glory thrown  
He felt, and mourned them as His own.

- 4 His friends forsook, His foll'wers fled,  
While foes and arms surround His head :  
They nail Him to the shameful tree ;  
There hung my Lord, who died for me.
- 5 But God His Father heard His cry ;  
Raised from the dead, He reigns on high ;  
The nations learn His righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste His grace.

159 *Sorrow for the sufferings of the Saviour. C. M.—4 No. 3.*

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sov'reign die ?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God the mighty Maker died  
For man the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While His dear cross appears ;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe ;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

160

*Love of Christ to men.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

BEHOLD th' amazing sight,  
 The Saviour lifted high !  
 Behold the Son of God's delight  
 Expire in agony !

- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,  
 Were all these sorrows borne ?  
 Why did He feel that piercing smart,  
 And meet that various scorn ?
- 3 For love of us He bled,  
 And all in torture died ;  
 'Twas love that bowed His fainting head,  
 And op'd His gushing side.
- 4 In sympathy of love  
 Let all the earth combine :  
 And, drawn by cords so gentle, prove  
 The energy divine.
- 5 In Him our hearts unite,  
 Nor share His griefs alone,  
 But from His cross pursue their flight  
 To His triumphant throne.
- 144

161

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name  
 Awake the sacred song !  
 O may His love (immortal flame !)  
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal thought can reach !  
 What mortal tongue display !  
 Imagination's utmost stretch  
 In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,  
 Left the bright realms of bliss,  
 And came to earth to bleed and die !  
 Was ever love like this ?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
 Our humble thanks to Thee,  
 May ev'ry heart with rapture say,  
 "The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme  
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue :  
 Till strangers love Thy charming name,  
 And join the sacred song.

162

*Jesus before Pilate.*

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.—7 No. 2.

BEHOLD *the man!* How heavy lay  
 On Him the sinner's burden !  
 What grievous price had He to pay  
 That we might hope for pardon !

Such sorrows, since the world began,  
Before were never seen by man,  
Nor ever after witnessed.

- 2 *Behold the man!*—it was for *thee*  
His shame and griefs were suffered ;  
Now hear Him say—" Behold, in me,  
The victim for thee offered !  
The guilt was *thine*,—its fearful load  
I bore, atoning with my blood ;  
I died, from death to save thee ! "
- 3 Blest Jesus, God's beloved Son !  
Who all my sins removest,—  
Exalted to Thy Father's throne,  
Show that my soul Thou lovest !  
And let Thy griefs and death, O Lord,  
New life and peace to me afford,—  
Thus glorify Thy mercy.
- 4 And when the world, when flesh and blood  
To paths of sin allure me ;  
'Gainst wand'ring from the heav'nly road,  
Forever to secure me,  
In mercy cry to me—" Behold  
The Man who suffered ills untold  
For thee !—Wilt thou forsake me ? "

163 *Reflections on the passion of Christ. 7s & 6s.—8 No. 6.*

O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down !  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns—Thine only crown !

O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now, was Thine !  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 How art Thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn !  
How does that visage languish  
Which once was bright as morn !  
Thy grief and Thy compassion  
Were all for sinners' gain ;  
Mine, *mine* was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,—  
Thy pity without end !  
Lord, make me Thine for ever,  
Nor let me faithless prove ;  
O let me never, never  
Abuse such dying love.

4 Forbid that I should leave Thee ;  
O Jesus, leave not me ;  
By faith I would receive Thee ;  
Thy blood can make me free ;  
When strength and comfort languish,  
And I must hence depart ;  
Release me then from anguish,  
By Thine own wounded heart.

## VI. EASTER.

164 *Christ's resurrection and ascension.* 7s.—4 No. 17.

ANGEL, roll the rock away ;  
 A Death, yield up thy mighty prey :  
 See, He rises from the tomb,  
 Glowing in immortal bloom.

- 2 'T is the Saviour ! angels, raise  
 Fame's eternal trump of praise ;  
 Let the world's remotest bound  
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Heav'n displays her portals wide ;  
 Glorious Hero ! through them ride :  
 King of glory ! mount Thy throne,  
 Thy great Father's, and Thine own.
- 4 Hosts of heav'n, seraphic fires !  
 Raptured, sweep your sounding lyres,  
 Sons of men ! in humbler strain  
 Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 5 Ev'ry note with wonder swell ;  
 Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell !  
 Where is now, O Death ! thy sting ?  
 Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?

165 *Christ's triumph.* 6s & 4s.—8 No. 14.

YES, the Redeemer rose,  
 Y The Saviour left the dead,  
 And o'er our hellish foes  
 High raised His conqu'ring head.

In wild dismay,  
The guards around  
Fall to the ground  
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait His high commands,  
And worship at His feet.  
Joyful they come,  
And wing their way  
From realms of day  
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,  
The joyful news to bear.  
Hark! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air!  
Their anthems say:  
"Jesus, who bled,  
Hath left the dead;  
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
Redeemed by Him from hell;  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell,  
With Christ we rise,  
With Christ we reign,  
And empires gain  
Beyond the skies.

166 "The Lord is risen indeed." S. M.—4 No. 13.

"THE Lord is ris'n indeed."  
And are the tidings true?  
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,  
And saw Him living too.

2 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Then justice asks no more;  
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,  
Who stood opposed before.

3 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Then is His work performed;  
The captive surely now is freed,  
And death, our foe, disarmed.

4 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"  
Attending angels, hear;  
Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord,  
Join all the bright celestial choirs  
To sing our risen Lord.

167 "I know that my Redeemer liveth." L. M.—4 No. 12.

"I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;"  
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!  
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, my ever living Head



- 2 He lives to bless me with His love,  
 He lives to plead for me above,  
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
 He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to grant me rich supply,  
 He lives to guide me with His eye,  
 He lives to comfort me when faint,  
 He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives to silence all my fears,  
 He lives to stop and wipe my tears,  
 He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
 He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 5 He lives, all glory to His name !  
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same ;  
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
 I know that my Redeemer lives !

168

*Jesus lives.*

7.7.7.7.7.7.—6 No. 33.

JESUS lives ! and I with him :  
 Death, where are thy terrors fled ?  
 Jesus lives ! another day  
 He'll awake me from the dead,  
 Glorify my mould'ring clay :  
 This is still my trust and stay.

- 2 Jesus lives ! to Him all pow'r  
 Here, above, beneath, is giv'n !  
 I with Him shall live and reign  
 Through eternity in heav'n,

God hath said ; who dare gainsay ?  
This is still my trust and stay.

3 Jesus lives ! and well I know  
Naught can part me from His love ;  
Not the deepest earthly woe,  
Hell beneath, nor heaven above ;  
Strength He gives me as my day ;  
This is still my trust and stay.

4 Jesus lives ! and death is now  
But the gate that leads to life ;  
Oh ! my soul, this comfort know,  
In the dark and final strife,  
That thou canst to Jesus say,  
Lord ! my confidence and stay.

# 169 *Commemorative of the resurrection. C. M.— 4 No. 3*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;  
He calls the hours His own :  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day arose our glorious Head,  
And death's dread empire fell ;  
To-day, the saints His triumph spread,  
And all its wonders tell.

3 Hosanna ! the anointed King  
Ascends His destined throne :  
To God our grateful homage bring,  
And His Messiah own.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who came to men  
 With messages of grace ;  
 Who came in God His Father's name  
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise !  
 The highest heav'ns in which He reigns  
 Shall give Him nobler praise.
- 

## VII. ASCENSION.

170

*Christ's ascent to heaven.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

- REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high ;  
 Behold the King of glory nigh !  
 Who can this King of glory be ?  
 The mighty Lord of Hosts is He.
- 2 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,  
 And for our Saviour, Lord, make way :  
 Victorious over earth and hell,  
 The Conqu'ror comes, with God to dwell.
- 3 Raised from the dead, He goes before,  
 He opens heaven's eternal door,  
 To give His saints a blest abode  
 Near their Redeemer and their God.

171

*Christ glorified.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

JESUS, our triumphant Head,  
 Ris'n victorious from the dead,  
 To the realms of glory's gone,  
 To ascend His rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the Conqu'ror gaze,  
 Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;  
 Each bright order of the sky  
 Hails Him as He passes by.

3 Heav'n its King congratulates,  
 Opens wide her golden gates:  
 Angels songs of vict'ry bring;  
 All the blissful regions ring.

4 Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs,  
 For redemption all is ours,  
 Humble penitents shall prove  
 Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

5 Hail, Thou dear, Thou worthy Lord!  
 Holy Lamb! incarnate Word!  
 Hail, Thou suff'ring Son of God!  
 Take the trophies of Thy blood.

172

*Christ's intercession.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

THE Lord of life, with glory crowned,  
 On heaven's exalted throne,  
 Forgets not those for whom on earth  
 He heaved His dying groan.

- 2 His greatness now no tongue of man  
Or seraph bright can tell ;  
Yet still the chief of all His joys,  
That souls are saved from hell.
- 3 For this He taught, and toiled, and bled ;  
For this His life was giv'n ;  
For this He fought, and vanquished death ;  
For this He reigns in heav'n.
- 4 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,  
Your grateful praise to give ;  
Sing loud hosannas to His name,  
With Whom you too shall live.

173

*Christ's ascension.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

- O**UR Lord has risen from the dead ;  
Our Jesus has gone up on high ;  
The pow'rs of hell are captive led—  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay :  
“Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
He claims those mansions as His right :  
Receive the King of glory in.

- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"  
 The Lord who all His foes o'ercame,  
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;  
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 

## VIII. PENTECOST.

174 *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 See, how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these earthly toys!  
 Our souls, how heavily they go,  
 To reach eternal joys!

- 3 Dear Lord! and shall we always live  
 At this poor, dying rate?  
 Our love so cold, so faint to Thee,  
 And Thine to us so great?

- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

175 *To the blessed Spirit.* S.7.S.7.7.7 S.S.—8 No.20.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night :  
 Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness,  
 Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light ;  
 Loving SPIRIT, God of peace,  
 Great distributor of grace,  
 Rest upon this congregation !  
 Hear, O ! hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure  
 As a gracious show'r descend ;  
 Bringing down the richest treasure  
 Man can wish, or God can send.  
 O Thou GLORY, shining down  
 From the FATHER and the SON,  
 Grant us Thine illumination !  
 Rest on all this congregation.

3 Come, Thou best of all donations  
 God can give, or we implore ;  
 Having Thy sweet consolations,  
 We need wish for nothing more ;  
 HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly DOVE,  
 Now descending from above,  
 Rest on all this congregation,  
 Make our hearts Thy habitation.

176 *For Whitsunday.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

SPIRIT of truth, on this Thy day  
 To Thee for help we cry,

To guide us through the weary way  
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone ;  
But long Thy praises to proclaim,  
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill  
Is found on earth no more :  
Enough for us to trace Thy will  
In scripture's sacred lore.

4 When tongues shall cease, and pow'r decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do Thou thy trembling servants stay  
With faith, and hope, and love.

177

*Prayer to the Holy Spirit.*

8.8.7.8.8.7.2.2.4.4.4.8.—12 No. 4.

O HOLY Ghost, descend, we pray,  
Abide with us from day to day,  
And be a sun to cheer us !  
Let Thy bright beams, Thou heav'nly light,  
Dispel the darkness of our night  
And fill our hearts with gladness ;  
That we  
To Thee  
Truly living,  
To Thee giving  
Pray'r unceasing,  
Still may be in love increasing.



- 2 Give to Thy word impressive pow'r  
That in our hearts, from this good hour,  
As fire it may be burning;  
That Thee, the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, on one common throne  
We may as God acknowledge!  
O stay  
And sway  
Our souls ever,  
That they never  
May forsake Thee  
But by faith their refuge make Thee.
- 3 Thou fountain whence all wisdom flows,  
Which God on pious hearts bestows,  
Grant us Thy consolation,  
That in our pure faith's unity,  
Our Christian brethren all may see  
Thy witness truly given.  
Hear us,  
Cheer us  
By Thy teaching,  
That our preaching  
Thy salvation  
Soon may tell to ev'ry nation.
- 4 Direct us by Thy counsel still,—  
That we may understand Thy will;  
Our ignorance enlighten.  
O! grant us constancy, that we  
May ever faithful prove to Thee,  
How much soe'er we suffer.—

Descend,  
 Defend,  
 From all errors  
 And earth's terrors,  
 Be our healing,  
 Jesus' love and peace revealing.

178

*Sanctifying influence.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

COME, Holy Spirit, come ;  
 Let Thy bright beams arise ;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,  
 Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
 And to our wond'ring view reveal  
 The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove,  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.

4 'T is Thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,  
 And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ;  
 Our minds from bondage free ;  
 Then shall we know, and praise and love,  
 The Father, Son and Thee.

179

*Influences of the Spirit.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

GRACIOUS Spirit—Love divine !  
 G Let Thy light within me shine ;  
 All my guilty fears remove ;  
 Fill me with Thy heav'nly love.

2 Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me ;  
 Set the burdened sinner free ;  
 Lead me to the Lamb of God ;  
 Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;  
 Seal salvation on my heart ;  
 Dwell Thyself within my breast,  
 Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray ;  
 Keep me in the narrow way ;  
 Fill my soul with joy divine ;  
 Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

180

*Spirit of Holiness.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

SPIRIT of Holiness, look down,  
 S Our fainting hearts to cheer ;  
 And, when we tremble at Thy frown,  
 O bring Thy comforts near.

2 The fear which Thy convictions wrought,  
 O let Thy grace remove ;  
 And may the souls which Thou hast taught  
 To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let Thy saving mercy heal  
 The wounds it made before ;  
 Now on our hearts impress Thy seal,  
 That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work Thou hast begun,  
 And make our darkness light,  
 That we a glorious race may run,  
 Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wond'ring eyes discern  
 The Lord's unclouded face,  
 In fitter language we shall learn  
 To sing triumphant grace.

181

*Effusion of the Spirit on Pentecost day.*

L. M.— 4 No. 12.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,  
 G When the divine disciples met ;  
 While on their heads the Spirit came,  
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles He gave !  
 And pow'r to kill and pow'r to save !  
 He furnished them with wondrous words  
 Instead of shields and spears and swords.

3 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
 Were by these heav'nly arms subdued,  
 The heathen saw Thy glory, Lord !  
 And, wond'ring, blessed Thy gracious word.

- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When all shall feel Thy saving pow'r,  
 And the whole race of man confess  
 The beauty of Thy holiness !
- 

## IX. TRINITY.

182

*Invocation of the Trinity.*

8s.—8 No. 11.

O GOD, the Father ! draw Thou nigh,  
 And leave us sinners not to die ;  
 Our num'rous trespasses forgive,  
 Preserve our faith and let us live ;  
 Deliver us from Satan's arts,  
 And make us Thine with all our hearts :  
 Amen ! Amen ! so shall it be,  
 And hallelujahs rise to Thee.

- 2 O God, the Son ! do Thou draw nigh,  
 And leave us sinners not to die ; &c.
- 3 O God, the Spirit ! draw Thou nigh,  
 And leave us sinners not to die ; &c.

183

*The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity.*—Eph. ii. 18.

C. M.—4 No. 3.

FATHER of glory ! to Thy name  
 Immortal praise we give,  
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,  
 And bid us rebels live.

- 2 Immortal honor to the Son,  
 Who makes Thine anger cease;  
 Our lives He ransomed with His own.  
 And died to make our peace.
- 3 To Thy Almighty Spirit be  
 Immortal glory giv'n,  
 Whose influence brings us near to Thee,  
 And trains us up for heav'n.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,  
 Adore th' eternal God,  
 And spread His honors and their joys  
 Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,  
 One gen'ral song to raise;  
 Let saints in earth and heav'n combine  
 In harmony and praise.

184

L. M.—4 No. 12.

FATHER of all, whose love profound,  
 A ransom for our souls hath found,  
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
 To us Thy pard'ning love extend!

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
 To us Thy saving grace extend!

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend !

4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend !

185      *Christian Thanksgiving.*      9.S.9.S.S.S.—6 No. 6.

O THAT I had a thousand voices !  
A mouth to speak with thousand tongues !  
Then, with a heart His praise rejoices,  
Would I proclaim in grateful songs,  
To all, wherever I might be,  
What 't is the Lord hath done for me.

2 Dear Father, endless praise I render,  
For soul and body strangely joined ;  
I praise Thee, Guardian kind and tender,  
For all the noble joys I find  
So richly spread on ev'ry side,  
And freely for my use supplied.

3 What equal praises can I offer,  
Dear Jesus, for Thy mercy shown ?  
What pangs, my Saviour, didst Thou suffer,  
And thus for all my sins atone !  
Thy death alone my soul could free  
From Satan, to be blest with Thee.

- 4 Honor and praise, still onward reaching,  
 Be Thine too, Spirit of all grace,  
 Whose holy pow'r and faithful teaching  
 Give me among Thy saints a place :  
 Whate'er of good in me may shine  
 Comes only from Thy light divine.
- 5 Accept, O Lord, I now implore Thee,  
 The meagre praise I give below :  
 In heav'n I better will adore Thee,  
 When I an angel's strength shall know :  
 There would I lead the sacred choir,  
 And raise their hallelujahs high'r !

186

*Worship to the Trinity.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

FATHER, in whom we live,  
 In whom we are and move,  
 All glory, pow'r and praise, receive,  
 For Thy creating love.

- 2 O Thou incarnate Word,  
 Let all Thy ransomed race  
 Unite in thanks, with one accord,  
 For Thy redeeming grace.

- 3 Spirit of holiness,  
 Let all Thy saints adore  
 Thy sacred gifts, and join to bless  
 Thy heart-renewing pow'r.



- 4 The grace on man bestowed,  
 Ye heav'nly choirs, proclaim,  
 And cry "Salvation to our God!  
 Salvation to the Lamb!"

187

*Hymn to the Trinity.*

C. M. D.—8 No. 3.

OH, praise the Lord! His name extol,  
 The God of skill and might;  
 Who formed my body, breathed my soul,  
 And gave me life and light—  
 My Father, whose paternal care,  
 To me from childhood shown,  
 Exceeds my effort to declare,  
 Exceeds what I have known.

- 2 Oh, praise the Lord! adore His grace,  
 My God, my only trust,  
 The Son, who, loving our lost race,  
 United with our dust—  
 My Saviour, who for me has given  
 His all-atoning blood,  
 To raise me up from earth to heav'n,  
 From wretchedness to God.

- 3 Oh, praise the Lord! the Holy One,  
 My God who seals my peace,  
 Sent by the Father and the Son  
 To guide me home to bliss—  
 The Comforter, whose quick'ning pow'r  
 Assists me day by day,  
 Whose counsels in the darkest hour,  
 My trembling spirit stay.

188 "*Lass mich dein sein und bleiben.*" 7s & 6s.—8 No. 6

LET me be Thine forever,  
 My gracious God and Lord,  
 May I forsake Thee never,  
 Nor wander from Thy word :  
 Preserve me from the mazes  
 Of error and distrust,  
 And I shall sing Thy praises  
 Forever with the just.

2 Lord Jesus ! bounteous Giver  
 Of light and life divine,  
 Thou didst my soul deliver,  
 To Thee I all resign ;  
 Thou hast in mercy bought me  
 With blood and bitter pain,  
 Let me, since Thou hast sought me,  
 Eternal life obtain.

3 O Holy Ghost, who pourest  
 Sweet peace into my heart,  
 And all my soul restorest,  
 Thy comfort ne'er depart :  
 Let me His name confessing  
 Whom I in faith have known,  
 Receive Thy constant blessing  
 And be in death Thine own.

189 *Prayer and Praise.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

CHRIST Jesus, Lord ! to us attend,  
 The Holy Spirit to us send ;

With grace to rule us day by day,  
And lead us on in wisdom's way.

2 Unseal our lips to sing Thy praise,  
And tune our hearts with heav'nly lays;  
Our faith increase, and light bestow,  
That we Thy name may truly know.

3 Until we join the Seraphim,  
In hallelujahs to Thy name,  
And see Thy face—O, Lord of might!  
'Mid endless joy and blissful light;

4 Exalt the Father and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit! Three in One—  
And to the Holy Trinity,  
Eternal praise and glory be.

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X. REFORMATION.

190 *God the safety of His people. Ss, 7s, 5s & 6s.—9 No. 3*

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,  
Our shield and surest weapon;  
He will deliver from the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
Our old deadly foe  
Now aims his last blow;  
Deep guile and strong pow'r  
He boasteth in this hour:  
On earth is not His equal

2 By strength of ours could naught be done ;  
The strife full soon were ended,  
But for us fights the valiant One,  
By God Himself commended.  
Ask you, "Who is He?"  
Christ Jesus! There see  
The Lord Sabaoth,  
Our God and Saviour both—  
He conquers in this battle.

3 Though devils all the earth should fill,  
Each watching to devour us,  
We tremble not, we fear no ill,  
They cannot overpow'r us.  
The false prince of hell  
May rage, rave and swell,  
He harms not a hair,  
We shall escape his snare,  
Christ's lightest word shall stay him.

4 His word for ever shall abide,  
Our foes can ne'er destroy it,  
He standeth ever at our side,  
And cheers us by His Spirit.  
And take they our life,  
Goods, fame, children, wife,  
When their worst is done,  
Yet have they nothing won—  
We shall receive the kingdom.

191

*God's word restored.*

S.7 8 7.8.8.7.—7 No. 2.

O GOD ! look down from heav'n, we pray,  
 Thy tenderness awaken !  
 Thy saints, so few, fast fade away—  
 Hast Thou Thy poor forsaken ?  
 Thy word no more is taught aright,  
 And faith from earth hath vanished quite—  
 O Lord, our God, revive us !

2 From teachers of false doctrine, Lord,  
 Thy church, we pray, deliver,  
 They undertake to rule Thy word,  
 As wiser than its Giver.  
 Who shall control our tongues, they say,  
 Who dare prescribe another way,  
 Who hath dominion o'er us ?

3 God therefore saith, "I will arise,  
 My poor they are oppressing,  
 I see their tears, I hear their cries,  
 Their wrongs shall have redressing.  
 My healing word shall now appear,  
 The proud shall think its truths severe,  
 But it shall save the humble."

4 As silver sev'n times purified  
 Is known and priz'd the higher,  
 The word of God, when fully tried,  
 Doth deeper love inspire :  
 The cross but proves its greater worth  
 It shines abroad o'er all the earth,  
 Enlight'ning all the nations.

- 5 O God, preserve it pure, we pray,  
In this vile generation,  
May we still walk its perfect way,  
And see Thy full salvation ;  
Here may it make the simple wise,  
And there, beyond the glitt'ring skies,  
Fill ev'ry mouth with gladness.

192

*Prayer for the church.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

- O LORD, uphold us by Thy word,  
And break our foes' descending sword ;  
Fain would they banish from His throne  
Thy Son, whom Thou dost call Thine own.
- 2 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy pow'r display,  
Establish o'er the world Thy sway ;  
Defend Thy church, who to Thy praise  
Shall high the song of triumph raise.
- 3 O Holy Ghost, descend we pray,  
Thy sanctifying pow'r display,  
Thy church console, our hearts unite,  
And guide us to the realms of light.
- 4 Thus shall the world admiring see  
That Thou art God eternally,  
That faithful Thou dost still defend  
Thy people who on Thee depend.

193

*God the defense of Zion.* 8s 7s & 4s.—6 No. 34.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—  
Zion, kept by pow'r divine ;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine :  
Happy Zion,  
What a favored lot is thine !

2 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
But can never cease to love thee ;  
Thou art precious in His sight :  
God is with thee—  
God, thine everlasting light.

173

## VI. The Means of Grace.

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### I. THE WORD OF GOD.

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194      *Divine authority of the Bible.*      L. M.—4 No. 12

**T**WAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke His word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warmed their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirmed the messages they brought :  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look  
Upon Thy precious holy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read His name who died for me.

4 Let all false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;  
Here I can fix my hope secure :  
This is Thy word, and must endure.



195

*The Bible suited to our wants.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be Thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
More precious far than earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

3 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast ;  
Sublimed sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.

4 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light !

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !  
Be Thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

## 196

*The value and comprehensiveness of the Bible.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

LET all the heathen writers join  
 To form one perfect book :  
 Great God ! if once compared with Thine,  
 How mean their writings look !

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
 Could show one sin forgiv'n,  
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave :  
 But Thine conduct to heav'n.

3 Lord, I have made Thy word my choice,  
 My lasting heritage ;  
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
 My warmest thoughts engage.

4 I'll read the hist'ries of Thy love,  
 And keep Thy laws in sight,  
 While through Thy promises I rove  
 With ever fresh delight.

5 A broad land 't is of wealth unknown,  
 Where springs of life arise,  
 Seed of immortal bliss is sown,  
 And hidden glory lies.

## 197

*The usefulness of the Scriptures.* L. M.—4 No. 12

WHEN Israel through the desert passed,  
 A fiery pillar went before,  
 To guide them through the dreary waste,  
 And lessen the fatigues they bore.

- 2 Such is Thy glorious word, O God !  
     'T is for our light and guidance giv'n ;  
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,  
     And points the path to bliss and heav'n.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,  
     And quickens its inactive pow'rs ;  
 It sets our wand'ring footsteps right ;  
     Displays Thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;  
     Its doctrines are divinely true ;  
 While highest wisdom it imparts ;  
     It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye favored lands, that have this word,  
     Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r,  
 Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,  
     And His distinguished grace adore.

198

*The glory of the Word.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
 And brings the truth to sight ;  
 Commands and promises afford  
     A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
     Majestic like the sun ;  
 It gives a light to ev'ry age,  
     It gives—but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat :  
 His truths upon the nations rise,  
 They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,  
 For such a bright display,  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heav'nly day.

## 199

*The Scriptures consolatory to the Penitent.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

**O**PPRESSED with guilt, and full of fears,  
 I fly to Thee, my Lord ;  
 And not a ray of hope appears,  
 But in Thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace  
 Does all my grief assuage ;  
 Here I behold my Saviour's face  
 In almost ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies  
 The pearl of price unknown ;  
 That merchant is divinely wise  
 Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife,  
 Where wit and reason fail ;  
 My guide to everlasting life,  
 Through all this gloomy vale.

- 5 O may Thy counsels, mighty God !  
 My roving feet command ;  
 Nor I forsake the happy road  
 That leads to Thy right hand.

200

*Christ and Moses.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

THE law by Moses came ;  
 But peace, and truth, and love,  
 Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)  
 Descending from above.

- 2 Amidst the house of God  
 Their diff'rent works were done ;  
 A faithful servant Moses stood,  
 But Christ a faithful Son.

- 3 The man who durst despise  
 The law that Moses brought,  
 Behold ! how terribly he dies  
 For his presumptuous fault.

- 4 But sorer vengeance falls  
 On that rebellious race  
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
 And dare resist His grace.

201

*Power of God's word.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

BEHOLD, the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way ;

His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light ;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs.  
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word !  
And all Thy judgments just !  
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,  
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are Thy directions giv'n !  
O may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heav'n.

## 202

*Use of the Bible.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

**H**OLY Bible ! book divine !  
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !  
Mine, to tell me whence I came ;  
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;  
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet,  
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless ;

Mine, to show by living faith  
Man can triumph over death.

- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinners' doom,  
O thou precious book divine !  
Precious treasure ! thou art mine !

203

*How to read the Bible.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

JESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,  
To Thee I lift mine eyes ;  
Instruct and teach me by Thy word,  
And make me truly wise.

- 2 Make me to know and understand  
Thy whole revealed will ;  
Fain would I learn to comprehend  
Thy love more clearly still.

- 3 Help me to read the Bible o'er  
With ever new delight :  
Help me to love its author more ;  
To seek Thee day and night.

- 4 O let it purify my heart,  
And guide me all my days ;  
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,  
And Thou shalt have the praise.

## II. BAPTISM.

204

*Children brought to Christ.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

BEHOLD what condescending love  
 The Lord on earth displays !  
 To babes and sucklings He extends  
 The riches of His grace. —

- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,  
 To our forefathers giv'n :  
 Young children in His arms He takes,  
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 3 "Permit them to approach," He cries,  
 "Nor scorn their humble name ;  
 For 't was to bless such souls as these,  
 The Lord of angels came."
- 4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,  
 And yield them up to Thee ;  
 Rejoiced that we ourselves are Thine,  
 Thine may our offspring be.
- 5 Kindly receive this tender branch,  
 And form His soul for God ;  
 Baptize Him with Thy Spirit, Lord,  
 And wash him with Thy blood.



205

*Before the baptism of a child.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

SAVIOUR, Father, Brother, Friend  
 (Ev'ry tender name in one,)  
 Holy Jesus, now descend,  
 Perfect what Thou hast begun :

2 Whom we now devote to God,  
 At a parent's hand receive ;  
 With the purifying flood  
 Now the Holy Spirit give.

3 While on this dear infant's head  
 Pour we this transluclid stream,  
 On the rite Thy blessing shed,  
 With Thy blood the soul redeem :

4 Seal the grace upon the heart,  
 By baptismal water shown ;  
 With the symbol we impart,  
 May the saving work be done.

206

*Baptism of the Holy Ghost.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

COME, Holy Ghost ! come from on high,  
 Baptizer of our spirits Thou !  
 The sacramental seal apply,  
 And witness with the water now.

2 Exert Thy gracious pow'r divine,  
 And sprinkle Thou th' atoning blood ;  
 May Father, Son and Spirit, join  
 To seal this child a child of God.

207

*Infant Baptism.*

C. M. D.—8 No. 3

**A**T Jesus' feet our infant sweet  
 We lay with all its stain,  
 That renders it for heav'n unmeet  
 Until 't is born again :  
 We here embrace His proffered grace  
 In this baptismal wave,  
 Nor shall the world our trust efface—  
 The bath its soul will save.

- 2 We fail to see the Holy Three  
   Concealed the font within,  
 Mere water seems the mystery  
   That cleanses us from sin ;  
 But who may tell what virtues dwell  
   Through God's word in that flood,  
 Or who the simple faith repel  
   That owns it Jesus' blood ?
- 3 'Mid vapors dense in vain our sense  
   Celestial truths would test,  
 Forms of the spirit-world immense  
   To us seem shades at best ;  
 Each angel bright escapes our sight,  
   Their songs unheard are sung,  
 Though hov'ring 'round us day and night,  
   Dim mist and clouds among.
- 4 We bring our child by sin defiled,  
   Then dearest Lord ! to Thee,  
 Here clothe it in Thy nature mild,  
   From sin here make it free ;

- 5 And buried here in death severe,  
 To new life may it rise,  
 And trained for Thee, with Thee appear  
 Immortal in the skies.

208

*Baptism of a child.*

7.8.7.8.8.8.—6 No. 14.

**D**EAREST Jesus ! we are here,  
 On Thy tender grace relying,  
 See an infant child draw near,  
 With Thy good behest complying ;  
 Children must to Christ be given,  
 For they are the heirs of heaven.

- 2 This assurance, night and morn,  
 In our ears re-echoes ever,  
 Who are not of water born  
 And the Spirit, pure are never,  
 Ne'er can claim the Saviour's merit,  
 Ne'er His kingdom shall inherit.
- 3 Therefore hasten we to Thee,  
 From our arms the pledge be taken,  
 Show Thy mercy large and free,  
 Be this infant not forsaken,  
 May compassion mild and tender,  
 Thine this child forever render.
- 4 Wash it, Jesus ! in Thy blood  
 From its nature's inborn tarnish,  
 Be, when risen from this flood,

Thy own purple robe its garnish,  
 May it, since 't is not forbidden,  
 In Thy innocence be hidden.

5 Turn the darkness into light,  
 Change Thy wrath to gracious favor,  
 Heal the serpent's cruel bite,  
 By this wonder-working laver ;  
 Here may flow a Jordan's river,  
 And from leprosy deliver.

6 Shepherd ! now Thy lamb protect,  
 Head ! Thy member kindly make it,  
 Way of Heav'n ! its path direct  
 Prince of Peace ! to peace awake it,  
 Vine ! O, may this branch, believing,  
 Ever live, Thy life receiving !

7 Now into Thy heart we pour  
 Pray'rs that from our hearts proceeded,  
 May our sighings heav'nward soar,  
 May our warm desires be heeded,  
 May the name which we have given  
 Be recorded high in heaven.

209

*Christ put on in baptism.*—Gal. iii. 26 & 27.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.—7 No. 2.

PART FIRST.

THOU who in the baptismal wave  
 Art washed, and Jesus knowest,  
 Who bear'st the only Name can save  
 And on thy house bestowest :

Think oft upon the mercy shown,  
And richest blessings made thine own,  
Which to this bath thou owest.

- 2 Before thy birth ere yet thine eye  
Beheld earth's scenes of sorrow,  
Thou lay'st, an off-cast doomed to die,  
In night that knows no morrow ;  
For, to thy father's nature heir,  
Thou didst its sin and ruin share,  
Nor help from God wouldst borrow.
- 3 This black corruption, like a bane,  
Thy soul and sense pervaded,  
Nor couldst thou God's dear child remain,  
With blooming hopes unfaded,  
When once the gracious cov'nant, made  
The day thou wast like Him arrayed,  
Was broken and degraded.
- 4 The curse was thine and endless pain,  
With all that this embraces  
Of fear and woe and sighings vain,  
Which left of bliss no traces ;  
Thou wast a slave, by Satan bound,  
To go thy sinful service round  
In dark and dismal places.
- 5 All this baptismal water quells :  
Removes the direful curses,  
The fears and agonies dispels,  
The fell alarms disperses,

Retrieves what was in Adam lost,  
 With all our actual sins had cost,  
 And all our woe reverses.

- 6 It wipes away our sinful stains,  
 And fadeless beauty tenders,  
 Delivers us from Satan's chains,  
 Though chief among offenders;  
 Vile rebels sons of God Most High  
 And heirs of glory in the sky,  
 Joint-heirs with Jesus renders.

209

*Christ put on in baptism.*—Gal. iii. 26 & 27.

8.7.8 7.8.8.7.—7 No. 2.

PART SECOND.

ALL that by nature writhing lies  
 Beneath the curse oppressing,  
 This bath renews that it may rise  
 And claim the heav'nly blessing;  
 Here ghastly death himself expires,  
 And hell and all his hosts retires,  
 Its conqu'ring pow'r confessing.

- 2 Here we put Jesus on and live,  
 Our nature's shame concealing  
 Beneath the robe His merits give,  
 Imputed for our healing;  
 Here we are washed in Jesus' blood  
 And hallowed by the mystic flood,  
 To this in faith appealing.

- 3 O, glorious work ! O, holy stream  
For man's uncleanness flowing !  
Thou hast no equal, well we deem,  
Thine awful myst'ry knowing ;  
Thine is a marvel-working might  
Which, by His word, the Source of Light  
Is evermore bestowing.
- 4 We see no water such as Thine  
In earth's unhallowed places :  
The promise made by lip's divine  
Lives in thee with its graces :  
Thine is a stream of nobler claim  
That bears God's Holy Ghost and Name,  
And all His love embraces.
- 5 Its virtues know, O man ! and prize,  
While still the boon possessing,  
And let thy grateful praises rise  
To Him who gave the blessing ;  
For gifts which cheer, when nought beside  
Can stem thy sorrow's troubled tide,  
Thanks all thy life expressing.
- 6 Apply it well, and now since clean  
In Jesus thou appearest,  
Thyself, as Christian should, demean,  
Whilst ev'ry sin thou fearest,  
Until th' eternal city rise  
Before thy glad, enraptured eyes,  
And thou its welcome hearest.

210

*Baptism of adults.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

“**P**ROCLAIM,” said Christ, “God’s wondrous  
 grace  
 To all the sons of men ;  
 He who believes and is baptized,  
 Salvation shall obtain.”

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those  
 Who, hoping in His word,  
 This day have publicly declared  
 That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they go on,  
 And run the Christian race ;  
 And in the troubles of the way  
 Find all-sufficient grace.

4 And when the awful message comes  
 To call their souls away,  
 May they be found prepared to live  
 In realms of endless day.

211

*Holy dedication to God.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

**P**ARDONED through redeeming grace,  
 In thy blessed Son revealed ;  
 Worshipping before Thy face,  
 Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield.

2 Thou the sacrifice receive,  
 Humbly offered through Thy Son ;



Quicken us in Him to live ;  
 Lord, in us Thy will be done.

3 Through the hallowed outward sign  
 Give the cleansing grace within,  
 Seal, and make us wholly Thine ;  
 Wash, and keep us pure from sin.

4 Called to bear the Christian name,  
 May our vows and life accord ;  
 And our ev'ry deed proclaim  
 "Holiness unto the Lord!"

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### III. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

212 *Before Communion.* 8.9.8.8.9.8.6.6.4.4.4.8.—12 No. 3.

GRANT us, Lord ! due preparation  
 G For Thy blest supper's celebration ;  
 Come, come, O God ! our midst within,  
 Unto life do Thou enable  
 Us now in faith t' approach Thy table ;  
 Pronounce us free from death and sin !  
 O, Saviour ! we are Thine ;  
 Thine let us e'er remain !

Amen ! amen !

Praise be to Thee !

In Heaven we,

Thy supper great, shall celebrate.

- 2 Take and eat, the bread here offered,  
 T' eternal life by Christ 't is proffered ;  
 His peace and comfort be with you !  
 Take and unto life in Heaven,  
 Drink of Salvation's cup now given !  
 Inherit Jesus' Kingdom true.  
 Watch, let your ev'ry breath  
 Be faithful unto death !  
     Amen ! amen !  
     Straight is the way,  
     And few are they,  
 The Judge shall crown, and call His own.

213

*Welcome to the table.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

- THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,  
 And God invites to sup:  
 The juices of the living vine  
     Were pressed to fill this cup.
- 2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,  
     With royal dainties fed ;  
 Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,  
     For Jesus is the bread.
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,  
     Ye trembling souls, appear !  
 The righteous in their own esteem  
     Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
     The banquet spread for you ;

Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,  
Then I may venture too.

- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
And may obtain a place,  
Surely the Lord will welcome me,  
And I shall see His face.

214 "*Jesus Christus unser Heiland.*" L. M.—4 No. 12.

LORD Jesus Christ! to Thee we pray;  
LORD From us Thou turn'st God's wrath away;  
Thy agony and bitter death  
Redeem us from eternal wrath.

- 2 That we may never this forget,  
Thy body for our food is set;  
And in the wine Thou giv'st thy blood,  
To cleanse our souls, a sacred flood.

- 3 Let none, impenitent and bold,  
This sacred feast profanely hold:  
He who unworthy sitteth there  
Shall sink to death and dark despair.

- 4 But praise the Father by whose love  
The Son descended from above,  
Became the bread of life to thee  
And bore thy sins upon the tree.

- 5 Firmly on this thou must believe;  
That here the sick their food receive,  
Which heals them from the wounds of sin,  
Creating heav'nly health within.

- 6 Such grace and mercy must be sought  
By those whom sorrow long hath taught ;  
If anguish ne'er thy heart hath rent  
Be not thy knee there vainly bent.
- 7 Our Saviour saith : Come unto me,  
Ye who now feel your poverty :  
My mercy I will freely give,  
Your anguished conscience I'll relieve.
- 8 Could'st thou unaided this obtain,  
Then have I shed my blood in vain ;  
This feast was vainly spread for thee  
If thou require no food from me.
- 9 If in thy heart this faith doth rest,  
Which thou hast here in words confessed,  
A welcome guest thou here shalt be,  
And Christ himself shall banquet thee.
- 10 But fruits must still thy faith approve ;  
Thy neighbor thou must truly love ;  
That love let him from thee receive,  
Which here to thee thy God doth give.

215 *The institution of the Lord's Supper. L. M.—4 No. 12.*

"TWAS on that dreadful, doleful night,  
When the whole pow'r of darkness rose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed Him to His foes;

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
 He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;  
 What love through all His actions ran!  
 What wondrous words of grace He spake!
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin;  
 Receive and eat the living food:"  
 Then took the cup and blessed the wine:  
 "'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this (He cried) till time shall end  
 In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
 Meet at my table and record  
 The love of your departed Lord."

216      *Communion at the Lord's table.*      S. M.—4 No. 13.

JESUS invites His saints  
 To meet around His board,  
 Here pardoned rebels all may hold  
 Communion with their Lord.

- 2 For food He gives His flesh;  
 He bids us drink His blood:  
 Amazing favor! matchless grace  
 Of our descending God!
- 3 "My flesh is meat indeed  
 And drink indeed my blood;  
 He dwells in me and I in Him  
 Who tastes this heav'nly food."

- 4 This holy bread and wine  
 Maintain our fainting breath,  
 By union with our living Lord,  
 And int'rest in His death.
- 5 Our heav'nly Father calls  
 Christ and His members one !  
 We are the children of His love,  
 And He is first-born Son.
- 6 We are but sev'ral parts  
 Of the same broken bread ;  
 One body with its sev'ral limbs,  
 But Jesus is the Head.
- 7 Let all our pow'rs be joined  
 His glorious name to raise ;  
 Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
 And ev'ry voice be praise.

217      *This do in remembrance of me.*      C. M.—4 No. 3

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
 In meek humility,  
 This will I do, my dying Lord,  
 I will remember Thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
 My bread from heav'n shall be ;  
 Thy cup that gives Thy blood I take,  
 And thus remember Thee.

- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,  
 Or there Thy conflict see,  
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
 And not remember Thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
 And rest on Calvary,  
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !  
 I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
 And all Thy love to me ;  
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
 Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
 And mind and mem'ry flee,  
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.

218      *During Communion.*      7.8.7.8.7.7.—6 No. 18.

FOLL'WERS of our Lord above,  
 To His service consecrated,  
 With us ransomed by His love,  
 Members of His body rated ;  
 Come, ye reconciled, renew  
 Now your bond of blessings true.

- 2 Take and eat—His body 't is—  
 Unto death, for you, 't was given ;  
 Take and drink—His blood this is,  
 Shed, that you might rise to Heaven.

Taste—and with rejoicing soul,  
Your Redeemer's love extol.

- 3 Son of God ! Oh, grant that they,  
Who rejoice in Thy salvation,  
True remain ; and true for aye  
To Thy service' consecration.  
Let their hearts from sin be free ;  
Let them filled with meekness be.
- 4 High Priest ! for these suppliants Thou,  
On the cross Thyself didst offer ;  
Speak their pardon, Jesus, now ;  
At Thy supper, mercy proffer.  
Let them feel, O Lord ! through Thee,  
They from judgment now are free.
- 5 Awe-inspiring moment this,  
Full of joy and sweet emotion ;  
Precious pledge of future bliss,  
Surety of our Heav'nly portion.  
Pour Thy grace upon them, Lord !  
Thy free grace to them accord.
- 6 Jesus Christ's atoning death,  
Be proclaimed to ev'ry nation ;  
Jesus Christ's atoning death,  
Our great sin's propitiation.  
Christ, with glory crowned—'t was He,  
Brought to God, such worms as we.



- 7 Take and eat—His body 't is—  
 Unto death for you 't was given ;  
 Take and drink—His blood this is—  
 Shed, that you might rise to Heaven.  
 Taste, and with rejoicing soul,  
 Your Redeemer's love extol.

219 *Love to Christ and one another.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,  
 Who round His table draw,  
 Remember what His spirit was,  
 What His peculiar law.

- 2 The love, which all His bosom filled,  
 Did all His actions guide :  
 Inspired by love, He lived and taught ;  
 Inspired by love, He died.

- 3 Let each the sacred law fulfill ;  
 Like His, be ev'ry mind ;  
 Be ev'ry temper formed by love,  
 And ev'ry action kind.

- 4 Let none, who call themselves His friends,  
 Disgrace the honored name ;  
 But by a near resemblance prove  
 The title which they claim.

220 *My flesh is meat indeed.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

HERE at Thy table, Lord, we meet  
 To feast on heav'nly food :

Thy body is, the bread we eat,  
The wine we drink, Thy blood.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies ;  
And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Sure there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour, so divine !  
Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me  
Which owes so much to Thine.

4 Yes, Thou shalt surely have my heart,  
My soul, my strength, my all ;  
With life itself I'll freely part,  
My Jesus, at Thy call.

221      *The body and blood of Christ.*      7s.—4 No. 17.

**B**READ of heav'n, on Thee we feed,  
For Thy flesh is meat indeed ;  
Ever let our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heav'n, Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give ;  
To Thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of Him who died,  
Lord of life, O let us be  
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

222

*The good Shepherd.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

O UR Shepherd to His ransomed flock  
No needful gift denies,  
He leads us to the opened rock,  
And manna still supplies.

2 Each day He gives our daily bread,  
And cooling draughts prepares,  
And bids the souls for whom He bled  
On Him cast all their cares.

3 And far beyond this tearful vale  
His tender care extends :  
The heav'nly food shall never fail  
On which the soul depends.

4 Its emptiness His body fills,  
For us once crucified,  
And all the spirit's thirst He stills  
With blood from His dear side.

5 We, quickened thus, in Him remain,  
Who lives no more to die,  
And from His fullness all obtain  
That fits us for the sky.

6 O Christ ! may we the food receive  
With child-like faith in Thee,  
And humbly still Thy word believe  
When 't is not ours to see.

## 223

*Faith, not Sight.*

L. M.—4 No. 12,

A N awful mystery is here  
To challenge faith and waken fear ;  
The Saviour comes as food divine  
Concealed in earthly bread and wine.

- 2 This world is loveless—but above,  
What wondrous boundlessness of love !  
The King of Glory stoops to me,  
My spirit's life and strength to be.
- 3 In consecrated wine and bread  
No eye perceives the myst'ry dread,  
But Jesus' word is strong and clear :  
My Body and my Blood is here.
- 4 How dull are all the pow'rs of sense,  
Employed on proofs of love immense !  
The richest food remains unseen,  
And highest gifts appear how mean !
- 5 But here we have no boon of earth,  
And faith alone discerns its worth :  
The word, not sense, must be our guide,  
And faith assure, since sight's denied.
- 6 Lord ! show us still that Thou art good,  
And grant us evermore this food ;  
Give faith to ev'ry wav'ring soul,  
And make each wounded spirit whole.

224

*Christ the Bread of Life.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

COME, humble soul, receive the food  
Your Saviour offers here,  
Believe, and taste that He is good  
And fain each soul would cheer.

2 Deem not that you to heav'n can rise,  
To meet your Saviour there,  
He comes in mercy from the skies  
That you His bliss may share.

3 Here we commune with Him who died,  
Us pow'r o'er death to give,  
The life of Him now glorified  
We here receive, and live.

4 For 't is His body that we eat,  
His precious blood we drink,  
To make us for His mansions meet  
And save from ruin's brink.

5 He ever lives, and only He,  
In whom the Lord abides,  
And here, that He in us may be,  
He richest food provides.

6 Take then and eat, that you may live  
In Him who cannot die,  
Take then and drink, the draught will give  
You immortality.

225

*Christ's Refreshing Presence.*

8s.—8 No. 23.

COME, my heart, no longer languish,  
Jesus feeds thee on His anguish :  
Blood of life divine is flowing,  
Cool the thirst within thee glowing.  
Joy is through my spirit streaming ;  
Lo ! a God, my soul redeeming,  
Robes me for a nobler station,  
Bathes me in His free salvation.

2 Bread most holy ! let me bless thee !  
For He mingles as I press thee,  
Flesh divine, all rent and riven,  
Wounds my guilty race has given,  
As the bliss I feel suffusing,  
I will taste it, deeply musing  
How for me my Saviour dying,  
Lowly in the grave was lying.

3 Wine most holy ! let me bless thee !  
In my kindling soul confess thee :  
For that blood is in thee glowing,  
Once for guilty mortals flowing.  
Quick'ning all my barren spirit,  
Moves the Saviour I inherit.  
Is there here mysterious seeming ?  
Yet His blood within me streaming !

- 4 In my heart His voice is swelling,  
 "Freely eat, thy grief dispelling."  
 "Come!" He bids me, "freely drinking,  
 Deep in joys ethereal sinking."  
 Here He makes the heav'nly off'ring:  
 Jesus here Himself is proff'ring,  
 With His blood forever flowing,  
 Meat, and drink, and life bestowing

226

*Christ's witnesses.*—1st John, Chap. 5.

C. M.—4 No. 3.

- "OF God is born he who believes  
 That Jesus is the Christ,"  
 Whose soul in love the Son receives,  
 Because in God rejoiced.
- 2 What's born of God shall e'er subdue  
 The world and all its charms;  
 And faith, the victor, leads us through,  
 Exempt from all its harms.
- 3 With water and with blood, e'en He,  
 Our Lord and Saviour, came,  
 To set our souls from bondage free,  
 To heal the blind and lame.
- 4 Three record bear, 'mid Heaven's host,  
 That He's the living Son;  
 The Father, Word and Holy Ghost,  
 And all these Three are One.

5 And they that witness here are three,  
The Spirit, water, blood ;  
And also these in one agree  
That He's the Saviour, God.

6 Lord ! let me then in faith receive  
The witness of my God ;  
'Tis greater far than men can give,  
'Tis sealed by Jesus' blood.



## VII. The Christian.

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### I. HOLINESS AND PRAYER.

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227      *Freedom in the death of Jesus.*      S. M.—4 No. 13.

AND shall we still be slaves,  
And in our fetters lie,  
When summoned by a voice divine  
T' assert our liberty?

2 Did Christ the Saviour bleed,  
Our freedom to obtain?  
And shall we trample on His blood,  
And glory in our chain?

3 Shall we go on in sin,  
Because His grace abounds;  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all His wounds?

4 Forbid it, mighty God!  
Nor let it e'er be said  
That those, for whom Thy Son has died,  
In vice are lost and dead.

## 228

*The warfare of life.*

8.6.8.6.8.8.—6 No. 23.

THE cross to bear, with want and care,  
Thy lot through life must be,  
At ev'ry time, and every where  
Thy daily bread here see !  
Till death thy days and duties end  
With fearful foes must thou contend.

- 2 Satan, that old malicious one,  
Shall seek thy soul to slay ;  
He never leaves his work undone !  
He keeps no holiday !  
With ceaseless rage and cursed spite  
He roams the world by day and night !
- 3 In thine own members ev'n a law  
Shall war against thy mind ;  
Thy thoughts from heav'nly things shall draw  
And with its chains thee bind !  
Against the soul, with all its might,  
The flesh shall wage unnatur'l fight.
- 4 Since thou must tread such dang'rous ways,  
Be wise, then, and beware !  
Know that thy safety lies always  
In watchfulness and pray'r :  
For pray'r and pains shall keep the field,  
And earth and hell be forced to yield !
- 5 Hero ! awake, divinely armed,  
Fight till the day be done ;

Christ will not see His soldier harmed ;  
 For thee He vict'ry won !  
 Be thou but faithful in the strife,  
 And thou shalt win the crown of life.

229

*Christian holiness.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

SO let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess ;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine !

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God,  
 When His salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
 With passion, envy, lust and pride ;  
 While justice, temp'rance, truth and love  
 Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 Whilst we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on His word.

230

*Holy fortitude.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

AM I a soldier of the cross,  
 A foll'wer of the Lamb ?  
 And shall I fear to own His cause,  
 Or blush to speak His name ?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
 On flow'ry beds of ease ;  
 When others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
 Must I not stem the flood ?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;  
 Increase my courage, Lord !  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war  
 Shall conquer, though they die ;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all Thine armies shine  
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
 The glory shall be Thine.

231

*The Cross the test.*

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7.—8 No. 19.

SOME with Jesus are delighted,  
 While He speaks of joys to come,  
 Thinking that to them is plighted  
 After death a happy home ;

But the "cross"—when He declares it,  
 "None but he who takes and bears it  
 Can my true disciple be ;"  
 Few—how few!—to this agree.

2 All are pleased when "Come ye weary!"  
 They can hear the Saviour say ;  
 But 't is language harsh and dreary,  
 "Enter ye the narrow way."  
 While "Hosanna!" men are singing,  
 All can love. But when is ringing,  
 "Crucify Him!"—at the sound,  
 Nothing more of love is found.

3 While His hands are food supplying,  
 All with joy His bounty take ;  
 When in anguish He is lying,  
 None for His protection wake.  
 Thus may Jesus have our praises,  
 While our hopes and joys He raises ;  
 But should He His favors hide,  
 Love to Him would not abide.

4 Is thy joy in Christ arising  
 From thy love to Him alone ?  
 In His sorrows sympathising,  
 Canst thou make His griefs thine own ?  
 Should He cease with hope to bless thee,  
 Should dark fears and doubts distress thee,  
 Still confiding could'st thou say,  
 "Jesus Thou art all my stay?"

- 5 In Thyself, Lord, Thou art worthy,  
 All our love is but Thy due ;  
 Saints and angels cry before Thee,  
 "Thou art holy, just and true !"  
 Whoso on Thy bright perfections  
 Fixes all his best affections,  
 Has, in loving Thee, a part  
 That shall satisfy his heart.

## 232

*Following Christ.*

8.7.8.7.8.8.—6 No. 5.

UP, follow me ! says Christ our Lord ;  
 Up, all ye Christians follow,  
 Deny yourselves, renounce the world.  
 Come, I your Saviour call you.  
 Take up your cross, endure each ill ;—  
 Such is my pattern, such my will.

- 2 I am the Light ; I go before ;  
 I shine by my example :  
 Who would be mine, and follow me,  
 Of me must be a sample.  
 I am the way ; and well I know,  
 How men their faith by works would show.
- 3 Whoever thinks to save his life  
 Without me, sure shall lose it ;  
 Whoever in th' appointed strife,  
 May seem to lose, shall find it.  
 Take up your cross, and follow me,  
 Or you shall ne'er my glory see.
- 212

- 4 So let us then, with firm intent,  
 Our heav'nly Leader follow ;  
 Cheerful, resigned, and well content,  
 Keep near Him in all sorrow.  
 The crown of life—eternal life  
 Is never won without the strife.

233

*Learning of Christ.*

7s.—6 No. 33.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r,  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour ;  
 Turn not from His griefs away,  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment hall,  
 View the Lord of life arraigned ;  
 O the wormwood and the gall !  
 O the pangs His soul sustained !  
 Shun not suff'ring, shame or loss ;  
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb,  
 There, adoring at His feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time,  
 God's own sacrifice complete :  
 "It is finished," hear Him cry :  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
 Where they laid His breathless clay,—

All is solitude and gloom,—  
Who hath taken Him away?  
Christ is ris'n ; he meets our eyes !  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

234

*Prayer for grace in trial.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

FATHER of all our mercies, Thou  
In whom we move and live,  
Hear us in heav'n, Thy dwelling, now,  
And answer, and forgive.

2 When, harrassed by ten thousand foes,  
Our helplessness we feel,  
O give the weary soul repose,  
The wounded spirit heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round,  
And threaten or allure,  
By storm or calm, in Thee be found  
A refuge strong and sure.

4 From day to day, O may we grow  
In faith, in hope, and love,  
And walk in holiness below  
To holiness above.

235

*Habitual devotion.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting pow'r !  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.



- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed ;  
To Thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because bestowed by Thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,  
In ev'ry pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow low'r,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The low'ring storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :  
That heart will rest on Thee !

236

*Behold he prayeth.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

PRAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,  
 The falling of a tear;  
 The upward glancing of an eye  
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech  
 That infant lips can try;  
 Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach  
 The majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,  
 The Christian's native air,  
 His watch-word at the gate of death—  
 He enters heav'n with pray'r.
- 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice  
 Returning from his ways,  
 While angels in their songs rejoice,  
 And say, "Behold, he prays."

237

*The Lord's Prayer.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

O UR heav'nly Father, hear  
 The pray'r we offer now;  
 Thy name be hallowed far and near,  
 To thee all nations bow.

- 2 Thy kingdom come; Thy will  
 On earth be done in love,  
 As saints and seraphim fulfill  
 Thy perfect law above.

- 3 Our daily bread supply  
While by Thy word we live ;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's pow'r,  
From Satan's wiles, defend ;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine shall for ever be  
Glory and pow'r divine ;  
The sceptre, throne and majesty,  
Of heav'n and earth are Thine.

238

*Lord, remember me.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,  
I raise my soul to Thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me !

2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart :  
Dear Lord, remember me !

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
O let my strength be as my day :  
Dear Lord, remember me !

- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble frame shall be ;  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :  
 Dear Lord, remember me !
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death  
 I wait Thy just decree,  
 Be this the pray'r of my last breath,  
 Dear Lord, remember me !
- 6 And when before Thy throne I stand  
 And lift my soul to Thee,  
 Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,  
 Dear Lord, remember me !

239

*Steadfastness.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

- O**H Great High Priest ! forget not me,  
 Though I have oft forgotten Thee,  
 But give me strength for all the strife,  
 And all the toil and pain of life.
- 2 Let not a wav'ring heart be mine,  
 That is the world's and would be Thine ;  
 May I in faith Thy promise hold,  
 And never wander from Thy fold.
- 3 Let me not crave the wealth of earth,  
 Its honors and its giddy mirth,  
 But still remember I am Thine,  
 And be content that Thou art mine.

4 Thou hast redeemed me with Thy blood,  
And washed me in the mystic flood ;  
Let not this grace be all in vain,  
Nor let me pierce Thy side again.

5 To Thee I humbly raise mine eyes,  
Do not my sinful soul despise ;  
Perfect the work Thou hast begun,  
And let Thy saving will be done.

240

*Prayer in affliction.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

I THANK Thee, Saviour ! for the grief,  
Thy goodness bids me bear,  
And for each word of sweet relief,  
That saves me from despair.

2 I see but dimly all Thy ways,  
Nor may each purpose tell,  
But this I know to wake my praise :  
Thou doest all things well.

3 And pleasure draws me to the earth,  
And makes its follies dear,  
While holy things have higher worth  
When mellowed by a tear.

4 Roses may need the joyous light  
Their beauty to reveal,  
But fairest stars in sorrow's night,  
That light would but conceal.

5 The way of life is by the cross,  
 The glowing fires along,  
 Which serve to purge away the dross  
 And make the spirit strong.

6 To me, O Lord ! Thy grace impart  
 Each trial to abide,  
 And ever let my bleeding heart  
 Cling to Thy bleeding side.

241

*Grace abounding.*

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.—7 No. 2.

*"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."—Rom. v. 20.*

ALMIGHTY God ! I call to Thee,  
 A By shame and anguish shaken ;  
 Incline Thy gracious ear to me  
 And leave me not forsaken ;  
 For who that feels the pow'r within  
 Of past remorse, and present sin,  
 Can stand, O Lord, before Thee !

2 On Thee alone my stay I place,  
 All human help rejecting,  
 Relying on Thy sov'reign grace—  
 Thy sov'reign aid expecting ;  
 I rest upon Thy sacred word  
 That Thou wilt not repel him, Lord,  
 Who to Thy mercy fleeth.

3 And though I travail all the night,  
 And travail all the morrow,  
 My trust is in Jehovah's might—  
 My triumph in my sorrow ;

Forgetting not that Thou of old  
 Didst Israel, though weak, uphold—  
 When weakest, Thou most loving !

- 4 For though my sinfulness is great,  
 Redeeming grace is greater :  
 Though Satan's hosts should lie in wait,  
 Supreme is my Creator ;  
 For He my King and Shepherd is,  
 And when most helpless, most I'm His,  
 My strength and my Redeemer !
- 

## II. VARIOUS RELATIONS AND AFFECTIONS.

242 *Glorying in the cross of Christ.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
 The vain things all that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 3 See from His head—His hands—His feet,  
 Flow mingled love and sorrow down !  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

- 4 Were all the realm of nature mine,  
 It were an off'ring far too small;  
 Love so amazing—so divine,  
 Demands my soul—my life—my all.

243 *Happiness in the salvation of God.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

INDULGENT God! to Thee I raise  
 My spirit fraught with joy and praise:  
 And grateful bow before Thy throne,  
 My debt of mercy there to own.

- 2 Broad rivers ever, Lord! from Thee,  
 Descend to bless and solace me:  
 Their varied virtues to rehearse,  
 Demands an everlasting verse.
- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,  
 One stream—the widest and the best—  
*Salvation!* Lo, the purple flood  
 Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe;  
 I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:  
 Such joy and purity to share,  
 I would remain enraptured there,
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know  
 The fullness sought in vain below;—  
 The fullness of that boundless sea  
 Whence flowed the river down to me.
- 222



- 6 My soul—with such a scene in view—  
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu ;  
Nor dreads a few chastising woes  
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

244

*Living to Christ.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

- LET thoughtless thousands choose the road  
That leads the soul away from God ;  
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,  
To live and die entirely Thine.
- 2 On Christ, by faith, I fain would live,  
From Him, my life, my all receive ;  
To Him devote my fleeting hours,  
Serve Him alone with all my pow'rs.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all ;  
To Him I look, on Him I call ;  
He will my ev'ry want supply,  
In time, and through eternity.
- 4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear ;  
Soon shall I end my trials here ;  
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain ;  
To live is Christ—to die is gain.
- 5 Soon will the saints in glory meet,  
Soon walk through ev'ry golden street,  
And sing on ev'ry blissful plain,—  
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

245

*Prayer for Divine guidance.* C. M.—4 No. 3

O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand  
 Thy people still are fed ;  
 Who, through this weary pilgrimage,  
 Hast all our fathers led !

2 To Thee our humble vows we raise,  
 To Thee address our prayer ;  
 And in Thy kind and faithful breast  
 Deposit all our care.

3 Through each perplexing path of life  
 Our wand'ring footsteps guide,  
 Give us each day our daily bread,  
 And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy cov'ring wings around,  
 Till all our wand'rings cease,  
 And at our Father's loved abode  
 Our souls arrive in peace !

5 To Thee, as to our cov'nant God,  
 We'll our whole selves resign ;  
 And thankful own that all we are,  
 And all we have, is Thine.

246

*Consecration to God.* 7.7.7.7.7.—6 No. 33.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One in Three, and Three in One,  
 As by the celestial host,  
 Let Thy will on earth be done :

Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 If so poor a worm as I  
May to Thy great glory live,  
All my actions sanctify,  
All my words and thoughts receive;  
Claim me, for Thy service claim,  
All I have and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs!  
Take my mem'ry, mind and will,  
All my goods and all my hours,  
All I know and all I feel;  
All I think, or speak, or do;  
Take my heart—but make it new!

4 Now, O God, Thine own I am;  
Now I give Thee back Thine own;  
Freedom, friends, and health and fame,  
Consecrate to Thee alone;  
Thine I live, thrice happy I;  
Happier still if Thine I die.

247 *Love to the brethren a proper return. L. M.—4 No. 12.*

NOW be that sacrifice surveyed,  
Which for our souls the Saviour made,  
While love to sinners fired His heart,  
And conquered all the killing smart.

2 Blest Jesus, while Thy grace I sing,  
What grateful tribute shall I bring,

That earth and heav'n and all may see  
My love to Him who died for me ?

- 3 That off'ring, Lord, Thy word hath taught ;  
Nor be Thy new command forgot,  
That, if their Master's death can move,  
Thy servants should each other love.
- 4 When on the cross I fix mine eye,  
Let ev'ry sinful passion die,  
And may I strive forever now  
To serve, forgive and love like Thou.

248

*Brotherly love.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

L O, what a pleasing sight  
Are brethren that agree !  
How blest are all whose hearts unite  
In bonds of piety !

- 2 From those celestial springs,  
Such streams of comfort flow,  
As no increase of riches brings,  
Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,  
And each performs his part,  
In all the cares of life and love,  
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Formed for the purest joys,  
By one desire possessed,  
One aim the zeal of all employs,  
To make each other blest.

- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,  
Where such affections meet ;  
While praise devout, and mingled pray'rs  
Make their communion sweet.
- 6 'Tis the same pleasure fills  
The breast in worlds above,  
Where joy, like morning-dew, distills,  
And all the air is love.

249 *Imitation of Christ in doing good. L. M.—4 No. 12.*

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were His works from day to day,  
But miracles of pow'r and grace,  
Which spread salvation through our race?

- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue :  
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives :  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 4 But he who marks from day to day  
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,  
The same path treads the Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

250    *Relieving Christ in his members*    C. M.—4 No. 3.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich Thy grace!  
 Thy bounties how complete!  
 How shall I count the matchless sum,  
 How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light  
 Dost Thou exalted shine:  
 What can my poverty bestow,  
 When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,  
 The partners of Thy grace,  
 And wilt confess their humble names  
 Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
 And visited and cheered;  
 And in their accents of distress  
 My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,  
 We in Thy poor would see;  
 O let us rather beg our bread  
 Than keep it back from Thee.

251    *"Befiehl du deine Wege."*    7s & 6s.—8 No. 6.

COMMIT thy way, confiding,  
 When trials here arise,  
 To Him whose hand is guiding  
 The tumults of the skies.

*There*, clouds and tempests, raging,  
Have each their path assigned ;  
Will God, for thee engaging,  
No way of safety find ?

- 2 Trust in the Lord ! His favor  
Will for thy wants provide,  
Regard *His* word !—and ever  
*Thy* work shall safe abide.  
When sorrows here o'ertake thee,  
And self-inflicted care,  
Let not thy God forsake thee !  
He listens for thy pray'r.
- 3 Should Satan league his forces,  
God's purpose to withstand,  
Think not their rage and curses  
Can stay His lifted hand !  
When He makes known His pleasure,  
The counsel of His will,  
*That*, in its utmost measure,  
Will He at last fulfill.
- 4 Hope on then !—weak believer,  
Hope on, and falter not !  
He will thy soul deliver  
From deeps of troubled thought.  
Thy graces He will nourish,  
With hope thy heart employ,  
Till faith and love shall flourish  
And yield their fruits of joy.

5 Well blessed,—His grace receiving!  
 God owns thee for a son!  
 With joy, and with thanksgiving,  
 Behold the victor's crown!  
 Thy hand the palm-branch raises,—  
 God gives it thee, to bear;—  
 Then shout aloud *His* praises  
 Who has removed thy care!

6 The sorrows, Lord, that try us,  
 O bring them to an end!  
 With needed strength supply us!  
 Thy love to us commend!  
 That we, till death, pursuing  
 The best—Thy chosen—way,  
 May then, our life renewing,  
 Praise Thee in endless day.

252

*God our refuge.*

L. M.—4 No. 12

GOD is the refuge we have near,  
 God is the help to which we flee,  
 Though earth be moved we will not fear,  
 Though hills be carried to the sea.

2 High though the billows rage and swell,  
 Though mountains at the tempest quake,  
 There is a stream whose waters quell  
 The woes of which His saints partake.

3 The walls which, as His own, He seals,  
 Girt with His circling arms rejoice;



There stands His fane, and there reveals  
The present Deity His voice.

4 As God, for ever there abides,  
For aye those walls shall near be moved,  
He thence the heathen's noise derides,  
And thence their kingdoms are reprov'd.

5 In solemn silence let the world  
List to the mandate of His speech,  
Far o'er creation be it hurled,  
Far o'er the heathen let it reach,—

6 That all obey God's high behest,  
Glory to God alone applies ;  
The God of Hosts shall be our rest,  
In Jacob's God our refuge lies.

## 253

*Hope in God's mercy.*

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.—7 No. 2.

FROM deep distress to Thee I pray ;  
O God, hear my entreaty !  
Turn not Thy face from me away,  
But show Thy tender pity :  
As judge, shouldst Thou my deeds regard,  
In justice weighing due award,  
How could I stand the trial !

2 With Thee should mercy not prevail  
To show to man Thy favor,  
His ev'ry act his guilt would swell,  
Vain were his best endeavor.

His goodness, in its utmost length,  
Reveals his utter want of strength,—  
He must rely on *mercy*.

3 On God alone, and on His grace,  
Can I securely rest me ;  
He sees my heart, He heals distress,—  
To Him, then, why not trust me ?  
He owns a Father's name, and knows  
The full amount of human woes—  
On Him be my reliance !

4 Should comfort seem afar to keep,  
I'll not sink down despairing ;  
They who in godly sorrow weep  
Shall find a gracious hearing ;  
Thus Christians do, and they are blest  
In God, their confidence and rest,  
Their comfort and Redeemer.

5 Many and great my sins, I own,  
But greater God's free mercies :  
From wrath I flee to His dear Son,  
Who bore for me its curses :  
And He will be my shepherd too,  
Will all my troubles guide me through,  
To rest with Him in glory.

254

*Cast down, yet hoping.* 8.7.8.7.4.7.—6 No. 34.

O MY soul, what means this sadness ?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?  
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,

Bid thy restless fears be gone ;  
Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in His dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
Vex and grieve thee day by day ?  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay ?  
Thou shalt conquer,  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,  
From without and from within,  
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin :  
He is faithful  
To perform His gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee ;  
Soon He'll bring thee home to God !  
Therefore praise Him—  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

255 *The blessedness of God's children.* S. M.—4 No. 13.

MY Father ! cheering name !  
O may I call Thee mine !  
Give me with humble hope to claim  
A portion so divine.

- 2 This can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly :  
What real harm can reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er Thy will denies,  
I calmly would resign ;  
For Thou art just, and good and wise :  
O bend my will to Thine !
- 4 Whate'er Thy will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear ;  
Still let me know a Father reigns,  
And trust a Father's care.
- 5 If anguish rend this frame,  
And life almost depart,  
Is not Thy mercy still the same,  
To cheer my drooping heart ?
- 6 Thy ways are little known  
To my weak, erring sight ;  
Yet shall my soul, believing, own  
That all Thy ways are right.
- 7 My Father ! blissful name !  
Beyond expression dear :  
If Thou admit my humble claim,  
I bid adieu to fear.

256 *The confidence of the Christian.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heav'nly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

257 *Following departed worthies.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path  
By ancient worthies trod;  
Aspiring, view those holy men  
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,  
And in example live;  
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,  
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood  
 They conquered ev'ry foe ;  
 To His almighty pow'r and grace  
 Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view  
 The patterns Thou hast giv'n,  
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road  
 That led them safe to heav'n.

258

*The death of martyrs.*

6s.—8 No. 13.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,  
 Or on the waters cast,  
 Their ashes shall be watched,  
 And gathered at the last :  
 And from that scattered dust,  
 Around us and abroad,  
 Shall spring a plenteous seed  
 Of witnesses for God.

2 Jesus has now received  
 Their latest living breath ;  
 Yet vain is Satan's boast  
 Of vict'ry in their death :  
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
 And, triumph-tongued, proclaim  
 To many a wak'ning land  
 The one availing Name.

259

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee!

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days!

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,  
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
No; when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
And, oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

260

*Gratitude for God's mercies.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.

- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
 Thy tender care bestowed,  
 Before my infant heart conceived  
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
 And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ ;  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through ev'ry period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity, to Thee  
 A grateful song I'll raise ;  
 But, O, eternity's too short  
 To utter all Thy praise.

261

*Casting all care on God.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
 And ways into His hands,  
 To His sure truth and tender care,  
 Who earth and heav'n commands,—



- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey ;  
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God ;  
In duty's path go on ;  
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye ;  
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To Him commend thy cause ; His ear  
Attends thy softest pray'r.

262

*"Jesu ! geh voran."*

5.5.8.8.5.5.—6 No. 17.

JESUS ! be our Guide,  
As through life we glide ;  
Faithfully in our behavior  
May we follow Thee, dear Saviour,  
Lead us by the hand  
Through to Father-land.

- 2 When the world is cold  
Let us to Thee hold ;  
When the cup of sorrow draining,  
May we do so uncomplaining,  
For through trials we  
Find our way to Thee.
- 3 When affliction's smart  
Anguishes the heart—

Though our life be woe and weakness,  
 Help us bear our cross in meekness ;  
 May we keep in mind,  
 God's a Father kind.

- 4 Order Thou our ways,  
 Lord ! through all our days,  
 Though our path be dark and cheerless,  
 Jesus with us, we'll be fearless ;  
 Open, when life's o'er,  
 Lord ! to us Thy door.

## 263

*God our light, trust, shield and reward.*

10.6.10.6.9.9.4.—7 No. 4.

GOD is my light !—O ! ne'er, my soul, despair  
 In hours of thy distress !  
 The sun withdraws, and earth is dark and drear :—  
 My light will never cease ;  
 On days of joy with splendor beaming ;—  
 Through nights of grief its rays are gleaming,—  
 God is my light !

- 2 God is my trust !—My soul, be not afraid !  
 Thy helper will abide :  
 "I'll not forsake thee !" —He has kindly said,—  
 He's ever at thy side ;  
 In feeble age will yet stand by thee ;  
 No real good will He deny thee :—  
 God is my trust !

- 3 God is my shield !—Of me He taketh care  
 As none beside could do ;

He guards my head,—He watches ev'ry hair,  
 All dangers brings me through :  
 While thousands, to vain helpers calling,  
 On right and left are near me falling,—  
 He is my shield !

- 4 God's my reward !—Well pleased I forward go  
 The path that He has shown :  
 It has no trials but my God will know,  
 When He allots my crown.  
 I'll gladly strive, the fight sustaining,  
 Until in death the vict'ry gaining,—  
 God's my reward !

264

*O God! I love Thee.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

**M**Y God, I love Thee, not because  
 I hope for Heav'n thereby ;  
 Nor yet because who love Thee not,  
 Must burn eternally.

- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
 Upon the cross embrace ;  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
 And manifold disgrace ;
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
 And sweat of agony,  
 Yea, death itself ; and all for one  
 That was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Saviour, Christ,  
 Should I not love Thee well ?

Not for the hope of winning heav'n,  
Nor of escaping hell:

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But solely for Thy love to me,  
O ever loving Lord—

6 Ev'n so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing,  
Alone because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

## 265

*God the light in darkness.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

**M**IDNIGHT darkness veils the earth,  
Midnight silence fills the air,  
But the Heav'ns are robed in light,  
And the stars keep vigil there.

2 Did not thus the day depart,  
And the solemn night return,  
Never should we know how vast  
Are the realms that glow and burn.

3 So 'mid Eden's verdant bow'rs,  
Love was strewn by God on high,  
But the happy soul of man  
Dreamed not He for us would die.

4 When they wandered outcast, lone,  
Far from life and far from God,  
Then for them His heart outpoured  
Crimson drops on Calv'ry's sod.

- 5 Ever thus from darkness, light  
 Cometh, even in the tomb:  
 Further, clearer, then we see,  
 When the world around is gloom.

266

*Trust in God.*

8.7.8.7.4.4.7.7.—8 No. 5.

GOD moves with loving kindness e'er;  
 GOD His will is just and holy.  
 Wherever He my bark may steer,  
 To Him I'll trust me solely;  
 God is indeed,  
 In ev'ry need,  
 A present help, and sov'reign;  
 Then may He ever govern.

- 2 God moves with loving kindness e'er,  
 And, ne'er my faith deriding,  
 Has led me safe from year to year:  
 Then in His love confiding,  
 I'll calmly wait—  
 For soon or late,  
 My God who sends my sadness,  
 Will turn my tears to gladness.

- 3 God moves with loving kindness e'er,  
 And He will not forsake me;  
 His skill in healing faileth ne'er—  
 To Him then I'll betake me;  
 For He is true,  
 Ne'er shall I rue,  
 That on His word I builded  
 And trust to Him have yielded.

- 4 God moves with loving kindness e'er,  
My life, my light, O ! never  
Can He desire my ill—then here  
I give myself forever,  
In grief and bliss,  
To God, who is  
Himself each day approving  
A Father, kind and loving.
- 5 God moves with loving kindness e'er,  
And, though the cup He reaches,  
May bitter to my taste appear,  
Enduring mercy teaches,  
That to my heart,  
He will impart,  
A timely balm of healing,  
And end each painful feeling.
- 6 God moves with loving kindness e'er !  
Of this shall naught deprive me !  
Though tow'ring seas and tempests drear  
On foaming breakers drive me ;  
I know that He,  
Paternally,  
Will take me up and shield me :  
Then, to His hand I yield me.

## VIII. *Special Occasions.*

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### I. THE FAMILY AND SCHOOLS.

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267

*A wedding hymn.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear,  
To grace a marriage feast,  
O Lord, we ask Thy presence here,  
To make a wedding guest.

- 2 Upon the wedded pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands;  
Their union with Thy favor crown,  
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,  
Of all rich dowries best!  
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,  
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they, with Christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking mutual share.

- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,  
     In pray'r and faith and hope ;  
 And see with joy a godly seed  
     To build their household up.
- 6 On ev'ry soul assembled here  
     O make Thy face to shine ;  
 Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer  
     Than richest food or wine.

268

*Marriage.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

- WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,  
     We bow before th' eternal throne,  
 And offer up our humble praise  
     To Him whose name is God alone.
- 2 On this auspicious day draw near,  
     And shed Thy richest blessings down ;  
 Fill ev'ry heart with love sincere,  
     And all Thy faithful mercies crown.
- 3 Grant now Thy presence, gracious Lord,  
     And hearken to our fervent pray'r ;  
 The nuptial vow in heav'n record,  
     And bless the newly married pair.
- 4 O guide them safe this desert through,  
     'Mid all the cares of life and love,  
 At length, with joy, Thy face to view  
     In fairer, better worlds above.



269

*Praise for Mercies.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

LORD, I would own Thy tender care,  
L And all Thy love to me ;  
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,  
Are all bestowed by Thee.

2 And Thou preservest me from death  
And dangers, ev'ry hour :  
I cannot draw another breath,  
Unless Thou give the pow'r.

3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,  
To me by God are giv'n ;  
I have not any blessings here,  
But what are sent from heav'n.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care  
A child can ne'er repay ;  
But may it be my daily pray'r  
To love Thee and obey.

270

*Children's Prayer.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

ALMIGHTY Father, heav'nly King !  
A Who rules the world above ;  
Accept the tribute children bring  
Of gratitude and love.

2 To Thee, each morning, when we rise,  
Our early vows we pay ;  
And e'er the night hath closed our eyes,  
We thank Thee for the day.

3 Our Saviour, ever good and kind,  
 To us His word hath giv'n ;  
 That children, such as we, may find  
 The path that leads to heav'n.

4 O Lord, extend Thy gracious hand,  
 To guide our erring youth ;  
 And lead us to that blissful land  
 Where dwells eternal truth.

271

*Infant's Prayer.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,  
 Who, for me, life's pathway trod,  
 Who, for me, became a child ;  
 Make me humble, meek, and mild.

2 I Thy little lamb would be,  
 Jesus, I would follow Thee ;  
 Samuel was Thy child of old,  
 Take me, too, within Thy fold.

272

*Advantages of religion in youth.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

HAPPY is he whose early years  
 Receive instruction well ;  
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
 The road that leads to hell.

2 'Tis easier work, if we begin  
 To serve the Lord betimes ;  
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
 Are hardened by their crimes.

- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares  
 To mind religion young ;  
 With joy it crowns succeeding years,  
 And makes our virtues strong.
- 4 To Thee, Almighty God ! to Thee  
 Our hearts we now resign :  
 'Twill please us to look back and see  
 That our whole lives were Thine !
- 5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise  
 Employ our daily breath :  
 Thus we're prepared for future days,  
 Or fit for early death.

**273** *Prayer for the children of the church.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

- D**EAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray  
 From Thy secure enclosure's bound,  
 And, lured by worldly joys away,  
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;
- 2 Remember still that they are Thine,  
 That Thy dear sacred name they bear,  
 Think that the seal of love divine,—  
 The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,  
 O let them ne'er forgotten be ;  
 Remember all the pray'rs and tears  
 Which made them consecrate to Thee.

- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more,  
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,  
The wand'ers to Thy fold restore.

274 *The importance of educating youth.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

BLEST is the man whose heart expands  
At melting pity's call,  
And the rich blessings of whose hands  
Like heav'nly manna fall.

- 2 Mercy, descending from above,  
In softest accents pleads ;  
O may each tender bosom move  
When mercy intercedes.

- 3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way  
To guide untutored youth,  
And lead the mind that went astray  
To virtue and to truth.

- 4 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve  
When infants learn to lisp His name  
And their Creator love.

- 5 Delightful work ! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.

- 6 Almighty God ! Thine influence shed  
 To aid this good design :  
 The honors of Thy name be spread,  
 And all the glory Thine.

275 *A blessing sought upon children.* 7s.—4 No. 17.

GOD of mercy, hear our pray'r  
 GOD For the children Thou hast giv'n ;  
 Let them all Thy blessings share,  
 Grace on earth and bliss in heav'n.

- 2 Cleanse their souls from ev'ry stain,  
 Through the Saviour's precious blood ;  
 Let them all be born again,  
 And be reconciled to God.

- 3 For this mercy, Lord, we cry ;  
 Bend Thine ever-gracious ear :  
 While on Thee our souls rely,  
 Hear our pray'r, in mercy hear.

276 *Early piety.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,  
 How sweet the lily grows ;  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose ;

- 2 And such the child whose early feet  
 The paths of peace have trod,  
 Whose secret heart with influence sweet,  
 Is upward drawn to God.

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away ;
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
May shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r  
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou, whose infancy was found  
With heav'nly rays to shine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
Were all alike divine,—
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath  
We seek Thy grace alone ;  
In childhood, manhood, and in death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

277 *The Bible the guide of the young.* S. M.—4 No. 13

WITH humble heart and tongue,  
My God to Thee I pray :  
O bring me now, while I am young,  
To Thee the living way.

- 2 Make an unguarded youth  
The object of Thy care ;  
Help me to choose the way of truth,  
And fly from ev'ry snare.

- 3 My heart, to folly prone,  
 Renew by pow'r divine ;  
 Unite it to Thyself alone,  
 And make me wholly Thine.
- 4 O let Thy word of grace  
 My warmest thoughts employ ;  
 Be this, through all my foll'wing days,  
 My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what Thy laws impart  
 Be my whole soul inclined :  
 O let them dwell within my heart,  
 And sanctify my mind.

278

*Early piety.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

- O! IN the morn of life, when youth  
 With vital ardor glows,  
 And shines in all the fairest charms  
 That beauty can disclose,—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs  
 Are yet by vice enslaved,  
 Be thy Creator's glorious name  
 And character engraved ;—
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
 The sunshine of thy days,  
 And cares and toils, in endless round,  
 Encompass all thy ways ;—

- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
 With vain regret, deplore,  
 And sadly muse on former joys,  
 That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,  
 In age will give thee rest ;  
 O then improve the morn of life,  
 To make its ev'ning blest.

279

*Whatever may betide.*

8.6.8.8.6.—5 No. 3

**H**ELP me, O Lord, to trust in Thee,  
 Whatever may betide ;  
 Though health should fail, and riches flee,  
 Though friends the dearest far to me,  
 Be taken from my side.

- 2 I know that sickness, sorrow, death,  
 Lie in the onward way ;  
 O, help me, in true-hearted faith,  
 To rest on Jesus' word which saith,  
 " Strength shall be as thy day."
- 3 In sickness passed, in dangers o'er,  
 My helper Thou hast been ;  
 Then should I, for each coming hour,  
 Trust childlike that thy love and power  
 Support will yield again.
- 4 Though in that last, that darksome glade,  
 Ends all our earthly view,  
 If but Thy voice, " Be not afraid,"



Be heard amid its deep'ning shade,  
I'll calmly journey through.

5 When this poor heart on Thee I stay,  
On earth is heav'n begun ;  
Then love leads on from day to day  
In duty's path, and helps me say,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

6 Thus would I ever trust in Thee,  
My Comforter and Guide ;  
For e'en though fears and sins prevail,  
Thy promises can never fail,  
Whatever may betide.

280

*For Sunday School children.* S. M.—4 No. 13.

L ORD, in the days of youth  
May we in grace improve,  
And learn the word of sacred truth,  
The Saviour's dying love.

2 While some are never taught  
The way of God with care,  
We bless the Lord that we are brought  
To this Thy house of pray'r.

3 Lord, give us ears to hear,  
And hearts to understand ;  
In trouble may we find Thee near—  
A Saviour close at hand.

- 4 Through life's dark rugged road,  
Thus far we're kept by Thee :  
May heav'n at last be our abode,  
Thy glory there to see.
- 5 Blest be our God, who lives  
And reigns with boundless sway ;  
Our Benefactor richly gives :  
We'll praise Him all the day.
- 6 Beyond the azure sky,  
We'll praise Thee more and more ;  
And through a long eternity  
A God in Christ adore.

281

*Invitation to praise.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

COME, let us join the hosts above,  
Now in our youthful days ;  
Remember our Creator's love,  
And lisp our Father's praise.

- 2 His Majesty will not despise  
The day of feeble things ;  
Grateful the songs of children rise,  
And please the King of Kings.
- 3 He loves to be remembered thus,  
And honored for His grace ;  
Out of the mouths of babes like us  
His wisdom calls forth praise.

- 4 Glory to God, and praise and power,  
 Honor and thanks be given !  
 Children and cherubim adore  
 The Lord of earth and heav'n.

282

*Praise to the Saviour.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

- TO praise the Saviour's name  
 Let little children try ;  
 While saints and angels do the same  
 In the bright world on high.
- 2 His love in heav'n is sung,  
 His name is there adored ;  
 And children here, however young,  
 May learn to praise the Lord.
- 3 The wonders of that love  
 No earthly tongue can tell,  
 Which brought the Saviour from above,  
 To save our souls from hell.
- 4 For us He wept and bled,  
 And suffered all His pain ;  
 For us was numbered with the dead,  
 And rose to life again.
- 5 And still for us He prays,  
 And makes our souls His care ;  
 He loves to hear our feeble praise,  
 And listen to our pray'r.

6 Lord Jesus ! grant that we  
 May know Thy saving grace ;  
 On earth Thy humble foll'wers be ;  
 In heav'n behold Thy face.

283

*Remember now thy Creator.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,  
 In these thy youthful days ;  
 He will accept thine earliest vow ;  
 He loves thine earliest praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,  
 Seek Him while He is near ;  
 For evil days will come when thou  
 Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,  
 His willing servant be ;  
 Then, when thy head in death shall bow,  
 He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God ! our hearts incline  
 Thy heav'nly voice to hear ;  
 Let all our future days be Thine,  
 Devoted to Thy fear.

284

*The assembled school.*

L. M.—4 No. 12

ASSEMBLED in our school once more,  
 O Lord, Thy blessing we implore ;  
 We meet to read, and sing, and pray,  
 Be with us then through this Thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to Thee ascends  
 For parents, teachers, foes and friends ;  
 And when we in Thy house appear,  
 Help us to worship in Thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,  
 May we above to glory soar ;  
 And praise Thee in more lofty strains,  
 Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

285

*The hope of the church.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

CHILDHOOD and youth, how vain they seem !  
 Their beauty passes like a dream,  
 And soon or late the loveliest bloom  
 Will fade and wither in the tomb.

2 Yet in our charge with hope we trace  
 The features of a future race,  
 And in these useful classes see  
 The seed of churches yet to be.

3 God of the church, which must remain  
 While generations wax and wane,  
 For this we toil,—O deign to bless  
 The humble effort with success.

4 Hence, fill Thy courts with songs of praise,  
 Hence, ministers and people raise,  
 And hence, supply the failing bands  
 That bear Thy word to heathen lands.

- 6 We plead Thy promise, sov'reign Lord,  
 While thus we pray with one accord ;  
 E'en as Thy promise let it be,  
 For, touching this, we all agree.

## 286

*The triumph of the gospel.*

7s & 6s.—8 No. 6.

*Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.—Dan. xii. 4.*

WHERE rolls the stormy billow  
 Along the troubled deep ;  
 Where verdant prairies pillow  
 The sunbeams as they sleep ;  
 Where hills with heav'n are blending ;  
 Where spreads the dreary waste ;  
 Where torrents are descending,  
 The gospel heralds haste.

- 2 The forest dark is hushing  
 The murmur of the blast,  
 While melodies are gushing  
 Unknown in ages past ;  
 And softly, sweetly stealing  
 Upon the desert air,  
 The Sabbath bells are pealing,  
 To wake the voice of pray'r.

- 3 Lord ! in Thy mercy speeding,  
 Thy chosen heralds guide,  
 That they in triumph leading  
 Thy people scattered wide ;  
 From ev'ry clime and nation

May gather them in one,  
Till earth with adoration  
Hails the eternal Son !

- 4 Till in each mortal dwelling,  
As in Thy realms above,  
High songs of praise are swelling  
To hymn redeeming love ;  
Till ev'ry home's an altar,  
Where holy hearts set free  
In service never falter  
Unchanged in love to Thee.

287

*Prayer for a blessing.*

8s &amp; 7s.—4 No. 16.

**H**EAV'NLY Father ! grant Thy blessing  
On th' instructions of this day ;  
That our hearts, Thy fear possessing,  
May from sin be turned away.

- 2 We are told Thy pow'r can reach us  
Whatsoever place we're in ;  
And the Holy Scriptures teach us  
Thou wilt surely punish sin.
- 3 We have wandered, O forgive us !  
We have wished from truth to rove ;  
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,  
And incline our hearts to love
- 4 We have learned that Christ the Saviour  
Lived to teach us what is good ;

Died to gain for us Thy favor,  
And redeem us by His blood.

6 For His sake, O God, forgive us !  
Guide us to that happy home,  
Where the Saviour will receive us,  
And where sin can never come.

288

*Blessing asked.*

Cs &amp; 8s.—6 No. 11.

ON what has now been sown,  
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;  
The pow'r is Thine alone  
To make it spring and grow :  
Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,  
And Thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

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## II. NATIONAL RELATIONS.

289

*Prayer for peace.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,  
We view the terrors of Thy sword,  
O whither shall the helpless fly ?  
To whom but Thee direct their cry ?

3 The helpless sinner's cries and tears  
Are grown familiar to Thine ears :  
Oft has Thy mercy sent relief,  
When all was fear and hopeless grief.



- 3 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn—  
 To our forsaken God we turn !  
 O spare our guilty country—spare  
 The church which Thou hast planted here.
- 4 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God ;  
 We plead Thy Son's atoning blood ;  
 We plead Thy gracious promises—  
 And are they unavailing pleas ?
- 5 These pleas, presented at Thy throne,  
 Have brought ten thousand blessings down  
 On guilty lands in helpless woe ;  
 Let them prevail to save us too.

290 *Praise for deliverance and peace.* 7s.—4 No. 17.

PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim ;  
 Dwell with rapture on the theme :  
 Loud, still louder swell the strain ;  
 Peace on earth ! good-will to men !

- 2 Breezes ! whisp'ring soft and low,  
 Gently murmur as ye blow ;  
 Now, when war and discord cease,  
 Praises to the God of peace.
- 3 Ocean's billows far and wide,  
 Rolling in majestic pride !  
 Loud, still louder swell the strain :  
 Peace on earth ! good-will to men !

- 4 Vocal songsters of the grove,  
Sweetly chant in notes of love :  
Now when war and discord cease,  
Praises to the God of peace.
- 5 Mortals, who these blessings feel !  
Christians, who before Him kneel !  
Loud, still louder swell the strain :  
Peace on earth, good-will to men !

## 291

*Public humiliation.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

- GREAT Maker of unnumbered worlds,  
G And whom unnumbered worlds adore,  
Whose goodness all Thy creatures share,  
While nature trembles at Thy pow'r,—
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,  
That wakes the wind and lifts the sea ;  
And man, who moves the lord of earth,  
Acts but the part assigned by Thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore Thine aid,  
To Thee we raise the humble cry ;  
Thine altar is the contrite heart,  
Thine incense the repentant sigh.
- 4 O may our land, in this her hour,  
Confess Thy hand and bless the rod,  
By penitence make thee her Friend,  
And find in Thee a guardian God.

292

*Prayer for national gratitude and holiness.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

**L**ORD, let Thy goodness lead our land,  
Still saved by Thine almighty hand,  
The tribute of its love to bring  
To Thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 Let ev'ry sacred temple raise  
Triumphant songs of holy praise ;  
Let ev'ry peaceful, private home  
A temple, Lord, to Thee become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight  
To walk as in Thy glorious sight ;  
Still in Thy precepts and Thy fear,  
Till life's last hour, to persevere.



III. THANKSGIVING AND THE SEASONS.

293

*Universal adoration.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create—and He destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame :

What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love ;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

294 *The seasons crowned with goodness. L. M.—4 No. 12.*

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !  
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,  
While in Thy temple we appear  
To hail Thee sov'reign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole !  
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring, at Thy command,  
Perfumes the air and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigor shine  
To raise the corn and load the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,  
Through all our coast, redundant stores ;  
And winters, softened by Thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.

- 5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and ev'ning shade.
- 6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar  
Where days and years revolve no more.

295

*Summer—a harvest hymn.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs :  
He calls, and at His voice come forth  
The smiling harvest hours.

- 2 His cov'nant with the earth He keeps ;  
My tongue, His goodness sing ;  
Summer and winter know their time,  
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleased, the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop :  
With joy they bear the sheaves away  
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
The seeds of righteousness :  
Smile on my soul, and with Thy beams  
The rip'ning harvest bless.

- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop :  
The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sown in hope.

## 296

*Autumn.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
G And changes mark the rolling year ;  
As time, with rapid pinions flies,  
May ev'ry season make us wise.

- 2 Long has Thy favor crowned our days,  
And summer shed again its rays ;  
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled,  
No blasting winds our path assailed.
- 3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,  
And filled our fields with waving gold ;  
Our tables spread, our garner stored !  
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,  
The closing day of life and grace :  
Time of decision, awful hour !  
Around it let no tempests low'r !
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
Like stars in heav'n to rise and shine ;  
Then shall our happy souls above  
Reap the full harvest of Thy love !

297

*God's goodness.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

GREAT is our God, and merciful :  
G His ev'ry work His pow'r displays ;  
The earth is of His goodness full ;  
The seasons celebrate His praise.

2 O, bow ye lowly at His feet,  
And come into His courts with fear :  
Our God is good, as He is great,  
And with His goodness crowns the year.

3 The seasons in their turn display  
His wisdom and His pow'r divine ;  
They all confess His sov'reign sway,  
And in them does His goodness shine.

4 When in the summer's heat we faint  
Our Shepherd and our God is near :  
He never lets His creatures want,  
But with His goodness crowns the year.

5 He sends the plenteous show'r from heav'n :  
He bids the earth produce us food :  
By Him all happiness is giv'n,  
And all His works declare Him good.

6 In trials bend beneath the rod,  
And wash it with repentant tear ;  
He who corrects thee is thy God,  
Who crowns with goodness all the year.

298

*A harvest hymn.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

O! FOUNT of mercy, God of love,  
How rich Thy bounties are!  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth  
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine;  
The plants in beauty grew;  
Thou mad'st refulgent suns to shine,  
And gav'st refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain;  
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless Thy gracious sway;  
Thy hand all nature hails:  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter, fails.



## IV. DAILY DEVOTION.

299 *Mercies renewed morning and evening. L. M.—4 No. 12.*

MY God, how endless is Thy love !  
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,  
And morning mercies from above  
Come gently down like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield myself to Thy command,  
To Thee devote my nights and days ;  
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

300 *Hymn for morning and evening. C. M.—4 No. 3.*

HOSANNA with a cheerful sound  
To God's upholding hand !  
Ten thousand snares our path surround,  
And yet secure we stand.

2 How wondrous is that mighty pow'r  
Which formed us with a word !  
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,  
We lean upon the Lord.

- 3 God is our sun, whose daily light  
 Our joy and safety brings ;  
 Our feeble frame lies safe at night  
 Beneath His shelt'ring wings.

301 *Morning and evening.* L. M. 6 lines.—6 No. 12.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,  
 The morning-light salutes mine eyes,  
 O Sun of righteousness divine !  
 On me, with beams of mercy, shine ;  
 Chase all the clouds of guilt away,  
 And turn my darkness into day.

- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
 And wearied nature seeks repose,  
 With pard'ning mercy richly blest,  
 Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;  
 And, as each morning-sun shall rise,  
 O lead me onward to the skies.

- 3 And, at my life's last setting sun,  
 My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
 Thy heav'nly radiance, Jesus ! shed,  
 To cheer and bless my dying-bed ;  
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
 To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

302 *Praise to God in the morning.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

LORD of my life ! O may Thy praise  
 Employ my noblest pow'rs,  
 Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
 And fills the circling hours !

- 2 Preserved by Thy almighty arm,  
I pass the shades of night,  
Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,  
And see returning light.
- 3 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,  
And I unconscious lay ;  
Thy watchful care was round my bed  
To guard my feeble clay.
- 4 O let the same almighty care  
My waking hours attend :  
From ev'ry trespass, ev'ry snare,  
My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
And guide my future days ;  
And let Thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

303

*God's goodness.*

9s &amp; 8s.—8 No. 4.

**H**OW great the goodness of th' Almighty !  
Hath he a soul it doth not move  
Who stifles with ungrateful coldness  
The praises due for boundless love ?  
No ! be it my chief duty ever  
His loving kindness to record !  
The Lord hath never me forgotten,  
O ne'er my soul forget thy Lord !

- 2 O, Father ! let Thy love and goodness  
Be present evermore to me,

And all my resolution strengthen  
 To dedicate my life to Thee;  
 In sorrow let them be my comfort,  
 In gladness let me know their pow'r,  
 And let them in my bosom conquer  
 The fear of my departing hour.

304

*Morning.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

NOW that the star of day hath ris'n,  
 O God we humbly pray  
 That Thou, the Uncreated-Light,  
 Thyself wilt guide our way.

2 May neither tongue nor hand offend,  
 Nor mind vain thought abide,  
 Upon the lips let simple truth,  
 Love in the heart preside.

3 While flows the day now new begun,  
 O Christ, our watch and ward,  
 The gates of sense, that hell assails,  
 From ev'ry danger guard.

4 Grant that each daily work of ours  
 May to Thy glory tend,  
 And ev'ry deed begun in Thee,  
 In Thee, with blessing, end.

305

*A daily prayer.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

O LORD, my God, to Thee I cry,  
 To Thee I lift my heart;

O hear me from Thy throne on high,  
To me Thy grace impart.

2 When early morning lights the sky,  
Let me before Thee fall—

O, may I find Thy presence nigh,  
My Priest, my King, my All.

3 When mid-day beams descend on me,  
O guide my footsteps then,  
Lest I be drawn from truth and Thee  
By worldly-minded men.

4 And when the shadows of the night  
Are dark'ning all the land,  
O let me, trusting in Thy might,  
Rest safely on Thy hand.

5 O Lord, my God, while here I move,  
Till I am called away,  
Let day by day my actions prove  
My love to Thee, I pray.

306

*Resolutions in the morning.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

A WAKE, my soul! and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and gladly rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 By influence of the light divine,  
Let thy own light to others shine;  
Reflecting heaven's kindly rays  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

- 3 Lord ! I my vows to Thee renew :  
 Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
 All I design to do, or say ;  
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
 In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
 And hast refreshed me, while I slept !  
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
 I may of endless life partake.

307

*Morning.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

WE lift our hearts to Thee,  
 O Day-star from on high !  
 The sun itself is but Thy shade,  
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.

- 2 O let Thine orient beams  
 The night of sin disperse,  
 The mists of error and of vice  
 Which shade the universe !
- 3 How beauteous nature now !  
 How dark and sad before !  
 With joy we view the pleasing change,  
 And nature's God adore.

- 4 O may no gloomy crime  
Pollute the rising day;  
May Jesus' blood, like morning dew,  
Wash all our stains away.
- 5 May we this life improve,  
To mourn for errors past;  
And live this short, revolving day,  
As if it were our last.
- 6 To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, one in three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall for ever be.

308

*Morning prayer.*

7.7.7.7.—4 No. 17.

NOW the shades of night are gone,  
Now the morning light is come;  
Lord, may I be Thine to-day—  
Drive the shades of sin away.

- 2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,  
Banish doubt and cleanse my sight,  
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,  
Help me labor, help me pray.
- 3 Keep my haughty passions bound;  
Save me from my foes around;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

- 4 When my work of life is past,  
O! receive me then at last!  
Night of sin will be no more,  
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

## 309

*Morning worship.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

A GAIN, from calm and sweet repose,  
I rise to hail the dawn;  
Again my waking eyes uncloze,  
To view the smiling morn.

- 2 Great God of love! Thy praise I'll sing;  
For Thou hast safely kept  
My soul beneath Thy guardian wing,  
And watched me while I slept.

- 3 To Thee be glory, gracious Lord;  
Oh, teach my heart to pray,  
And Thy blest Spirit's help afford  
To guide me through the day.

- 4 Let ev'ry thought and word accord  
With Thy most holy will;  
Each deed the precepts of Thy word  
With pious aim fulfill.

- 5 From danger, sin and ev'ry ill,  
My constant guardian prove;  
Oh, sanctify my heart, and fill  
With thoughts of holy love.



310

*Morning prayer.*

7s &amp; 6s.—8 No. 6.

SOON as the morn with roses  
 O Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes  
 Upon the ocean's breast ;  
 Our voice in supplication,  
 Jehovah, Thou shalt hear ;  
 Oh, grant us Thy salvation,  
 And be Thou ever near.

2 By Thee through life supported,  
 We pass the dang'rous road,  
 By heav'nly hosts escorted  
 Up to their bright abode ;  
 There cast our crowns before Thee,  
 Our toils and conflicts o'er,  
 And day and night adore Thee,  
 For ever, evermore.

311

*Lord's day morning.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

ON this sweet morn my Lord arose  
 Triumphant o'er the grave !  
 He died to vanquish all my foes,  
 And lives again to save.

2 This is the day for holy rest,  
 Yet clouds will gather soon,  
 Except my Lord become my guest,  
 And put my harp in tune.

- 3 No heav'nly fire my heart can raise,  
 Without the Spirit's aid ;  
 His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,  
 Or I am cold and dead.
- 4 On all the flocks Thy Spirit pour,  
 And saving health convey ;  
 A sweet, refreshing Sunday show'r  
 Will make them sing and pray.
- 5 Direct Thy Shepherds how to feed  
 The flocks of Thine own choice ;  
 Give savor to the heav'nly bread,  
 And bid the folds rejoice.

312

*Evening.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

AND now the sun hath sunk to rest,  
 Again we bend the knee,  
 And meekly lift our ev'ning thoughts  
 O God and King to Thee :

- 2 To Thee whom seraph hosts adore,  
 Whom friends believe and fear,  
 Whose mercy seat, in skies above,  
 To contrite hearts is near.
- 3 Drive evil thoughts and dreams afar,  
 And waking or asleep,  
 May heav'nly peace, Thy peace, O God,  
 Through Christ, our bosoms keep.

4 Let mercy fall on us like dew,  
 And angel pinions play  
 Around us while the hours of night  
 In silence pass away.

5 Each night beside the sable gate  
 Of death the sleeper lies,  
 And if we pass its portals, Lord,  
 Let Eden greet our eyes.

313

*Evening hymn.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
 G For all the blessings of the light;  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Safe under Thy almighty wings.

2 Forgive me Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
 The ills that I this day have done;  
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed;  
 Teach me to die, that so I may  
 With joy behold the judgment-day.

4 Lord, let my soul for ever share  
 The bliss of Thy paternal care;  
 'Tis heav'n on earth, 't is heav'n above,  
 To see Thy face and sing Thy love.

- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

314

*Evening.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

INDULGENT Father, by whose care  
 I I've passed another day,  
 Let me this night Thy mercy share,  
 And teach me how to pray.

- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn  
 My guilt before Thy face;  
 Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,  
 And save me by Thy grace.

- 3 Let each returning night declare  
 The tokens of Thy love;  
 And ev'ry hour Thy grace prepare  
 My soul for joys above.

- 4 And when on earth I close my eyes,  
 To sleep in death's embrace,  
 Let me to heav'n and glory rise,  
 'T enjoy Thy smiling face.

315

*Thoughts upon retiring.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

THE day is past and gone,  
 The ev'ning shades appear,  
 O may I ever keep in mind  
 The night of death draws near.

2 Lord, keep me safe this night,  
 Secure from all my fears ;  
 May angels guard me while I sleep,  
 Till morning light appears.

3 And when I early rise,  
 And view th' unwearied sun,  
 May I set out to win the prize,  
 And after glory run :

4 That when my days are past,  
 And I from time remove,  
 Lord, I may in Thy bosom rest,  
 The bosom of Thy love.

316

*Lord's day evening.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
 Behold Thee all serene ;  
 Blest in perpetual Holy day,  
 Without a veil between !

2 Assist me, while I wander here,  
 Amidst a world of cares ;  
 Incline my heart to pray with love,  
 And then accept my pray'rs.

3 Release my soul from ev'ry chain,  
 No more hell's captive led ;  
 And pardon Thy repenting child  
 For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul  
 That gives itself to Thee ;  
 Take all that I possess below,  
 And give Thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
 To be my guide and friend,  
 To light my path to ceaseless joys,  
 To rest without an end.

317

*An evening song.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

GREAT Sov'reign, let mine ev'ning song  
 Like holy incense rise !  
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue  
 To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day  
 Thy hand was still my guard,  
 And still to drive my wants away  
 Thy mercies stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above  
 Encompassed me around,  
 But O ! how few returns of love  
 Hath my Creator found.

4 What have I done for Him Who died  
 To save my wretched soul ?  
 How are my follies multiplied,  
 Fast as my minutes roll !

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine  
 To Thy dear cross I flee,  
 And to Thy grace my soul resign,  
 To be renewed by Thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
 I lay me down to rest,  
 As in th' embraces of my God,  
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

318

*Evening hymn.*

8s &amp; 7s.—6 No. 15.

THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us,  
 I Soon we lay us down to rest;  
 Through the silent watches guard us,  
 Let no foe our peace molest;  
 Jesus, Thou our guardian be,  
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,  
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
 In Thine arms may we repose;  
 And, when life's short day is past,  
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

319

*The Lord's Prayer.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

OUR Father! who dost dwell on high  
 In heav'n, so far above our sight;  
 All hallowed be Thy name we cry,  
 Thy glorious name, so great in might.

- 2 Thy kingdom come ! O haste the time  
When all shall bow before Thy throne ;  
When ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime,  
Shall Thy supreme dominion own.
- 3 Thy will be done on earth, O Lord !  
As it is done in heav'n above ;  
Where angel-hosts perform Thy word,  
With holy zeal and ardent love.
- 4 Give us each day our daily bread,  
With ev'ry other needed good ;  
And while our bodies thus are fed,  
Feed Thou our souls with angel's food.
- 5 Remit our sins, O Lord ! we pray,  
Repeated ev'ry hour we live ;  
Forgiving grace to us display,  
As we each other's faults forgive.
- 6 Save from or bring us safely through  
Temptation's sharp and trying hour ;  
Preserve us from all evil, too,  
And guard our souls from Satan's power
- 7 Thine is the pow'r, the kingdom Thine,  
And Thine the glory evermore ;  
Let all in heav'n and earth combine  
Thy name for ever to adore.



# 320 *Prayer for divine protection.* 8s & 7s.—4 No. 16.

SAVIOUR! breathe an ev'ning blessing,  
 Ere repose our eyelids seal;  
 Sin and want we come confessing;  
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrows past us fly,  
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us;  
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee:  
 Thou art He who, never weary,  
 Watcheth where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn in heav'n awake us,  
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

# 321 *Prayer for Divine Peace.* 8s & 7s.—4 No. 16.

PEACE be to this habitation,  
 Peace to all who dwell therein,  
 Peace the earnest of salvation,  
 Peace the fruit of pardoned sin;

2 Peace that speaks the heav'nly Giver,  
 Peace to worldly minds unknown,  
 Peace divine, that lasts forever,  
 Peace that comes from God alone.

3 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us,  
Fix in all our hearts Thy home :  
With Thy gracious presence cheer us,  
Let Thy sacred kingdom come ;

4 Raise to heav'n our expectation,  
Give our favored souls to prove  
Glorious and complete salvation  
In the realms of bliss above.

**322**     *Confidence in God at evening.*     L. M.—4 No. 12.

THUS far the Lord has led me on ;  
Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days ;  
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
But He forgives my follies past,  
And strength supplies for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Peace is the pillow of my head :  
His ever watchful eye will keep  
Its constant guard around my bed.

4 Faith in Thy name forbids my fear ;  
O may Thy presence ne'er depart !  
And in the morning may I bear  
Thy loving-kindness on my heart !

323

*Evening hymn.*

7s.—6 No. 33.

NOW from labor and from care  
 Ev'ning shades have set me free ;  
 In the work of praise and pray'r  
 Lord ! I would converse with Thee ;  
 Oh ! behold me from above,  
 Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,  
 Wither all my earthly joys ;  
 Naught can charm me here below  
 But my Saviour's melting voice ;  
 Lord forgive, Thy grace restore,  
 Make me Thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,  
 For the mercies of this hour ;  
 For the gospel's cheering ray,  
 For the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r,  
 Grateful notes to Thee I raise ;  
 Oh ! accept my song of praise.

324

*Evening hymn.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

DEAR Saviour, draw my soul away  
 From ev'ry cumb'ring care,  
 To spend the hours of setting day,  
 In humble grateful pray'r.

2 O let me haste alone to shed  
 The penitential tear ;  
 My Father's promises to plead  
 Where none but He can hear.

- 3 Teach me to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore ;  
My sorrows and my cares to cast  
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 O teach my soul by faith to view  
Those brighter scenes in heav'n ;  
And thus my failing strength renew  
When here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Oh, Saviour, when life's day is o'er  
Let its departing ray  
Be calm and soothing as this hour,  
And lead to endless day.

## IX. The Consummation.

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### I. DEATH.

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325 *Alle Menschen müssen sterben.* 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7.—8 No. 19

ALL must die ! there's no exception ;  
Flesh—'t is all alike but grass !  
All that live must see corruption,  
Saints, *thro' death* to glory pass.  
This vile body here must perish,  
Ere, immortal, it can cherish  
Holy joys, the free reward  
For the ransomed of the Lord.

2 Life on earth can I then covet  
Longer than my God shall please ?  
When above He would remove it  
I will greet the soul's release.  
For, thro' what my Saviour suffered,  
Freedom from the curse is offered ;  
He has promised,—and to faith  
Gives the vict'ry over death.

3 Death—for me the Saviour bore it,—  
 Dying—won for me the prize :  
 Life—in bliss will He restore it,—  
 Shall I not then joyful rise  
 From this world of sin and anguish,  
 To that world for which I languish,—  
 There the Three in One adore  
 With His saints forevermore ?

4 Happy spirits, ever living,  
 Thousand thousands, all as one,  
 Robed in light, their praises giving,  
 Here rejoice before the throne.  
 There the seraphim are shining,  
 Ever new their song beginning,—  
 “Holy ! Holy ! Holy Lord !  
 “Be Thy holy name adored !”

5 Worthies, there, of sacred story,  
 Prophets, patriarchs are met ;  
 There, apostles too, in glory  
 Fill their thrones by Jesus set ;  
 All the saints that have ascended  
 Age on age, through time extended,  
 There, in blissful concert, sing  
 Hallelujahs to their King.

326

*The vanity of man as mortal.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

TEACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou Maker of my frame !  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A span is all that we can boast ;  
 A fleeting hour of time :  
 Man is but vanity and dust,  
 In all His flow'r and prime.
- 3 Vain race of mortals, see them move,  
 Like shadows o'er the plain :  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show ;  
 Some dig for golden ore ;  
 They toil for whom they do not know,  
 And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,  
 From creatures, earth and dust ?  
 They make our expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I resign my earthly hope,  
 My fond desires recall ;  
 I give my mortal int'rest up,  
 And make my God my all.

**327** *Christ's presence makes death easy. L. M.—4 No. 12.*

**W**HY should we start and fear to die ?  
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are !  
 Death is the gate of endless joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
 Fright our approaching souls away :  
 Still we shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O if my Lord would come and meet,  
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
 While on His breast I lean my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## 328

*Death of an infant.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

- SO fades the lovely, blooming flow'r,  
 So Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;  
 So soon our transient comforts fly,  
 And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art  
 To soothe the anguish of the heart?  
 Spirit of grace, be ever nigh :  
 Thy comforts are not made to die.
- 3 Let gentle patience smile on pain,  
 Till dying hope revives again ;  
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,  
 And faith points upward to the sky.



329

*Death of a child.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

MOURN not ye whose child hath found  
 Purer skies and holier ground ;  
 Flow'rs of bright and pleasant hue,  
 Free from thorns and fresh with dew.

2 Mourn not ye whose child hath fled  
 From this region of the dead,  
 To yon winged angel-band,  
 To a better, fairer land.

3 Knowledge in that clime doth grow  
 Free from weeds of toil and wo,  
 Joys which mortals may not share ;  
 Mourn ye not, your child is there.

330

*Death of a Scholar.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

DEATH has been here, and borne away  
 A brother from our side,—  
 Just in the morning of *his* day,  
 As young as we, *he* died.

2 Not long ago, *he* filled *his* place,  
 And sat with us to learn :  
 But *he* has run *his* mortal race,  
 And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,  
 Our days may fly as fast ;  
 O Lord, impress the solemn thought  
 That this may be our last !

- 4 All needful strength is Thine to give ;  
 To Thee our souls apply  
 For grace to teach us how to live,  
 And make us fit to die.

331 *The death and burial of a saint.* C. M.—4 No. 3.

- WHY do we mourn departing friends ?  
 Or shake at death's alarms ?  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
 To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too  
 As fast as time can move ?  
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb ?  
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
 His light dispelled its gloom.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,  
 And softened ev'ry bed ;  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with the dying Head ?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,  
 And showed our feet the way ;  
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
 At the great rising-day.

- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid our kindred rise ;  
 Awake, ye nations under ground,  
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

332

*Death of the righteous.*

6.6.8.6.8.8.—6 No. 24.

THIS place is holy ground ;  
 World, with thy cares away ;  
 Silence and darkness reign around,  
 But soon the break of day—  
 The resurrection dawn appears,  
 To shine upon this scene of tears.

- 2 Behold the bed of death,  
 This pale and lovely clay !  
 Heard ye the sobs of parting breath ?  
 Marked ye the eye's last ray ?  
 No ! life so sweetly ceased to be,  
 It lapsed in immortality.

- 3 Could tears revive the dead,  
 Then floods should swell our eyes ;  
 Could sighs recall the spirit fled,  
 We would not quench our sighs  
 Till love illumed this altered mien,  
 And all th' embodied soul were seen.

- 4 Inter the dead, and weep  
 In stillness o'er the lost ;  
 Inter the dead ; in Christ they sleep,  
 Who bore on earth His cross.  
 Soon from the grave the dust shall rise  
 In His own image to the skies.

333

*Hope in death.*

9s &amp; 8s.—6 No. 6.

WHO knows how near my life's expended?  
 Time flies, and death is hasting on:  
 How soon, my term of trial ended,  
 May heave my last expiring groan!  
 For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,  
 With me, O God, may all be well!

- 2 My many sins!—O veil them over  
 With merits of Thy dying Son!  
 I here Thy richest grace discover,—  
 Here find I peace, and here alone:  
 And, for His sake, when flesh shall fail,  
 With me, O God, may it be well!
- 3 His bleeding wounds give me assurance  
 That Thy free mercy will abide;  
 Here strength I find for death's endurance,  
 And hope for all I need beside:  
 For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,  
 With me, O God, may it be well!
- 4 Naught shall my soul from Jesus sever,  
 Nor life, nor death;—things high, nor low:  
 I take Him as my Lord for ever,  
 My future trust, as He is now:  
 And for His sake, when flesh shall fail,  
 With me, O God, may it be well.

334

*Release by death.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

SOON, in the grave my flesh shall rest,  
 O My soul from earth remove,  
 And, in the Saviour's glory dressed,  
 Shall reach the home I love;—

2 My friends—the whole celestial choir;  
 My ev'ry feeling—joy;  
 To honor God—my one desire;  
 His praise—my one employ.

3 Nor would I wait till angel-host  
 Shall teach their song to raise:  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 I'll here begin my praise.

4 Now to our God, the Father, Son,  
 And Holy Spirit, sing!  
 With praise to God, the three in one,  
 Let all creation ring!

335

*Death peaceful and triumphant.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

SWEET is the scene where Christians die,  
 O Where holy souls retire to rest;  
 How mildly beams the closing eye!  
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
 So gently shuts the eye of day,  
 So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
 Fanned by some guardian angel's wing ;  
 O grave ! where is thy vict'ry now ?  
 And where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
- 4 A holy quiet reigns around,  
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
 And naught disturbs that peace profound  
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 5 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;  
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears !  
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
- 6 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,  
 Light from its load the spirit flies,  
 While heaven and earth combine to say  
 "How blest the righteous when he dies !"

## 336

*Weep not.*

7s &amp; 8s.—8 No. 24.

LIFT not thou the wailing voice ;  
 Weep not ; 't is a Christian dieth :  
 Up, where blessed saints rejoice,  
 Ransomed now, the spirit flieth :  
 High in heav'n's own light she dwelleth ;  
 Full the song of triumph swelleth :  
 Freed from earth, and earthly failing,  
 Lift for her no voice of wailing.

- 2 They who die in Christ are blest :  
 Ours be, then, no thought of grieving :

Sweetly with their God they rest,  
 All their toils and troubles leaving :  
 So be ours the faith that saveth,  
 Hope that ev'ry trial braveth,  
 Love that to the end endureth,  
 And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

337

*Sleeping in Jesus.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

A SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !  
 A From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
 A calm and undisturbed repose,  
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus ! O, how sweet  
 To be for such a slumber meet !  
 With holy confidence to sing  
 That death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !  
 Whose waking is supremely blest ;  
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
 That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus ! O, for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be ;  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 The summons waiting from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
 But there is still a blessed sleep  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

338

*Mercy in affliction.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way,  
 Though now it seem severe,  
 Forbid my unbelief to say,  
 There is no mercy here !

2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain  
 That comes in kindness down,  
 Far more than sweetest earthly gain,  
 Succeeded by Thy frown.

3 Then though Thou bend my spirit low,  
 Love only shall I see ;  
 The gracious hand that strikes the blow  
 Was wounded once for me.

---

 II. RESURRECTION.

339

*Man fading and reviving.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,  
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
 As careless of the noon-day heats  
 And fearless of the ev'ning cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,  
 Parched by the sun's directer ray,  
 The momentary glories waste,  
 The short-lived beauties die away



- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
 When youth its pride and beauty shows;  
 Than spring its colors fairer shine,  
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
 Or broke by sickness in a day,  
 The fading glory disappears,  
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
 With lustre brighter far shall shine;  
 Revive with ever-during bloom,  
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
 If heav'n must recompense our pains;  
 And die the grass, and fade the flow'r,  
 If firm the word of God remains.

340 *Triumphing in hope of the resurrection. S. M.—4 No. 13.*

AND must this body die?  
 A This mortal frame decay?  
 And must these active limbs of mine  
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?

- 2 Corruption, earth and worms,  
 Shall but refine this flesh,  
 Till my triumphant spirit comes  
 To put it on afresh.

- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
 And often, from the skies,  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
 Till He shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace  
 Shall these vile bodies shine,  
 And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,  
 Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe  
 To Jesus' dying love;  
 We would adore His grace below,  
 And sing His pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
 Of these our humble songs,  
 Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise  
 With our immortal tongues.

341 *Resurrection from the grave.* L. M.—4 No. 12.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,  
 For ever moulder in the grave?  
 Canst Thou forget Thy glorious work,  
 Thy promise and Thy pow'r to save?

- 2 Shall life revisit dying worms,  
 And spread the joyful insect's wing!  
 And O, shall man awake no more  
 To see Thy face, Thy name to sing?

- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears !  
 When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,  
 Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
 And heav'n with praise and wonder rung.
- 4 Him, the first-fruits, His chosen sons  
 Shall follow from the vanquished grave ;  
 He mounts His throne, the King of kings,  
 His church to quicken and to save.
- 5 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors  
 Unfold to make His children way ;  
 They shall be clothed with endless life,  
 And shine in everlasting day.
- 6 The trump shall sound, the dust awake ;  
 And from the tomb the slumb'ers spring ;  
 Through heav'n the joyful myriads rise,  
 And hail their Saviour and their King.

---

 III. JUDGMENT.

342

*The judgment day.*

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.—7 No. 2.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !  
 G The end of things created !  
 The Judge of all the earth appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated !  
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore  
 The dead whom they contained before ;  
 Prepare, my soul ! to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
 At the last trumpet's sounding,  
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding ;  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
 Behold His wrath prevailing,  
 For they shall rise, and find their tears  
 And sighs are unavailing ;  
 The day of grace is past and gone ;  
 They trembling stand before the throne,  
 All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear !  
 The end of things created !  
 The Judge of all the earth appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated !  
 Beneath His cross I view the day  
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

343

*The great day.*

L. M.—4 No. 12.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away—  
 What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?—

2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,  
 The flaming heav'ns together roll,

And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away.

---

IV. ETERNITY.

344 *The terrors of eternity.* 8.8.7.8.8.7.8.8.—8 No. 7.

ETERNITY! terrific word,  
Within the heart a piercing sword!  
Beginning without ending!  
Eternity! unmeasured time!  
I sink beneath the thought sublime  
That I to thee am tending:  
Deep horror fills my quaking heart,  
My lips in speech refuse to part.

- 2 Eternity! O what a pang!  
Eternity! no serpent's fang  
Could send that thrill of terror.  
When I revolve thy clanking chains,  
Thy dark abyss of deathless pains,  
My soul is filled with horror.  
O search the universe around,  
No equal terror can be found!

3 Awake, O man, from sinful sleep ;  
 Henceforth thy feet from wand'ring keep ;  
     Seek God by true repentance !  
 Awake, behold thy wasting sand,  
 Eternity is just at hand  
     And brings thine awful sentence.  
 This is, perchance, thy final day :  
 This hour thy soul may haste away.

4 Eternity ! terrific word,  
 Within the heart a piercing sword !  
     Beginning without ending !  
 Eternity ! unmeasured time !  
 I sink beneath the thought sublime  
     That I to thee am tending :  
 Lord Jesus, when it pleaseth Thee,  
 Grant me Thy blest eternity !

345

*Heaven and hell.*

S. M.—4 No. 13.

THERE is beyond the sky  
 A heav'n of joy and love ;  
 And holy children, when they die,  
     Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,  
     And everlasting pains ;  
 There sinners must with devils dwell,  
     In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I  
     Escape this dreadful end ?

And may I hope, whene'er I die,  
I shall to heav'n ascend ?

4 Then will I read and pray,  
While I have life and breath,  
Lest I should be cut off to-day,  
And sent to endless death.

346 *Death temporal and eternal.* S. M.—4 No. 13.

O WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh :  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years—  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace !  
Teach us that death to shun :—  
Lest we be driven from Thy face,  
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest—  
 Alone are found in Thee  
 The life of perfect love—the rest  
 Of immortality.

347

*The heavenly Canaan.*

C. M.—4 No. 3

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Eternal day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-with'ring flow'rs :  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand dressed in living green :  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
 To cross this narrow sea ;  
 And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And view the Canaan that we love  
 With unbeckoned eyes !



- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

348

*Heaven.*

7s.—4 No. 17

- HIGH in yonder realms of light  
Dwell the raptured saints above,  
Far beyond our feeble sight,  
Happy in Immanuel's love !
- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Once they knew, like us below,  
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,  
Torture, pain, and heavy woe.
- 3 But, these days of weeping o'er,  
Past this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more,  
Never—never weep again.
- 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,  
Hark—their songs melodious rise,  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
- 5 Happy spirits ! ye are fled  
Where no grief can entrance find :  
Lulled to rest the aching head,  
Soothed the anguish of the mind !

6 Ev'ry tear is wiped away—  
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast;  
 Night is lost in endless day—  
 Sorrow—in eternal rest!

349

*The society of heaven.*

C. M.—4 No. 3.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!  
 Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,  
 In joy and peace and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls  
 And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,  
 Shall I thy courts ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,  
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes  
 I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?  
 Or feel at death dismay?  
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
 And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,  
 Around my Saviour stand ;  
 And soon my friends in Christ below  
 Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
 My soul still pants for thee ;  
 Then shall my labors have an end,  
 When I thy joys shall see.

350      *The final doom of the wicked.*      S. M.—4 No. 13.

AND will the Judge descend ?  
 And must the dead arise ?  
 And not a single soul escape  
 His all-discerning eyes !

2 And from His righteous lips  
 Shall this dread sentence sound ;  
 And, through the num'rous guilty throng,  
 Spread black despair around ?

3 "Depart from me, accursed,  
 To everlasting flame,  
 For rebel-angels first prepared,  
 Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure  
 The terrors of that day,  
 When earth and heav'n, before His face,  
 Astonished, shrink away ?

- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes  
 The mansions of the dead,  
 Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,  
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek His grace  
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
 Fly to the shelter of His cross,  
 And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,  
 By which the Saviour bled;  
 And the last awful day shall pour  
 His blessings on your head.

351

*The heavenly rest.*

8.6.8.8.6.—5 No. 3

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
 To mourning wand'ers giv'n;  
 There is a joy for souls distressed,  
 A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—  
 'T is found above—in heav'n.

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,  
 'T is fair as breath of ev'n;  
 A couch for weary mortals spread,  
 Where they may rest the aching head,  
 And find repose in heav'n.
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,  
 By sin and sorrow driv'n;  
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,

Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear—but heav'n.

4 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects giv'n ;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The ev'ning shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene—in heav'n.

5 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,  
And joy supreme are giv'n ;  
There joys divine disperse the gloom :—  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heav'n.

**352** *Sowing in tears and reaping in joy. C. M.—4 No. 3.*

**T**HERE is an hour of hallowed peace  
For those with care oppressed  
When sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease,  
And all be hushed to rest:

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears,  
And doubts that here annoy :  
Then they that oft had sown in tears  
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,  
Where storms assail no more ;  
The stream of endless pleasure flows  
On that celestial shore :

- 4 There purity with love appears,  
 And bliss without alloy;  
 There they that oft had sown in tears  
 Shall reap eternal joy.

353

*The happy land.*

6, 4, &amp; 7s.—8 No. 35.

THERE is a happy land,  
 Far, far away,—  
 Where saints in glory stand,  
 Bright, bright as day;  
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,—  
 Worthy is our Saviour King:  
 Loud let His praises ring!  
 Praise, praise for aye.

- 2 Come to that happy land,  
 Come, come away;  
 Why will ye doubting stand?  
 Why still delay?  
 Oh, we shall happy be,  
 When, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Lord, we shall live with Thee,  
 Blest, blest for aye.

- 3 Bright, in that happy land,  
 Beams ev'ry eye,  
 Kept by a Father's hand,  
 Love cannot die.  
 Oh, then, to glory run:  
 Be a crown and kingdom won;  
 And bright above the sun,  
 We reign for aye.

354

*The saints in heaven.*

7s.—4 No. 17.

WHO are these in bright array,  
 This innumerable throng,  
 Round the altar night and day,  
 Tuning their triumphant song?

- 2 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
 Blessing, honor, glory, pow'r,  
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain  
 New dominion ev'ry hour."
- 3 These through fiery trials trod;  
 These from great affliction came;  
 Now, before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with His eternal name,
- 4 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor palms in ev'ry hand,  
 Through their great Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 5 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed;  
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
 Shall to living fountains lead.
- 6 Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
 Perfect love dispels their fears;  
 And for ever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away their tears.

## Doxologies.

---

1

C. M.—4 No. 3.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

2

L. M.—4 No. 12.

TO God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,  
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

3

S. M.—4 No. 13.

TO God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, glory be,  
Praise to the Holy Three in One,  
To all eternity.

4

8s & 7s.—4 No. 16.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days.

*(The first four lines of No. 6 may be substituted for this.)*



5

7s.—4 No. 17.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One !  
Glory as of old to Thee,  
Now, and evermore shall be !

6

8s, 7s &amp; 4s.—6 No. 34.

GREAT Jehovah ! we adore Thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, joined in glory,  
On the same eternal throne ;  
Endless praises  
To Jehovah, Three in One.

7

6s &amp; 4s.—8 No. 14.

TO God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, ever blessed  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be addressed  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

# TABLE

OF

## HYMNS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

*With the corresponding melody, or tune, to which both the original and the translation may be sung; alphabetically arranged.*

1. All must die, there's no exception.....No. 325  
Mel. Alle Menschen muessen sterben.
2. Almighty God I call to Thee..... 241
3. A safe stronghold our God is still..... 190  
Mel. Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.
4. Aspire, my heart, on high to live..... 92  
Mel. Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.
5. As the eagle fondly hovers..... 17  
Mel. Solt ich meinem Gott nicht singen.
6. Behold the man, how heavy lay..... 162  
Mel. Allein Gott in der Hoeh' sei Ehr.
7. Christ Jesus, Lord! to us attend..... 189  
Mel. Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend.
8. Come, my heart, no longer languish..... 225  
Mel. Komm mein Herz aus Jesu Leiden.  
" Schmuecke dich, O liebe Seele.
9. Commit thy way confiding..... 251  
Mel. Befiehl' du deine Wege.
10. Dearest Jesus! we are here..... 208  
Mel. Liebster Jesu! wir sind hier.
11. Eternity! terrific word..... 344  
Mel. O Ewigkeit du Donnerwort.
12. Flung to the heedless winds..... 258
13. Foll'wers of our Lord above..... 218  
Mel. Die ihr Christi Juenger seid.  
" Jesus, meine Zuversicht.
14. Forsake us not, O Lord! be near..... 108  
Mel. Ach bleib' bei uns Herr Jesu Christ.
15. God in human flesh appearing..... 34  
Mel. Gottes Sohn in Fleisch gekleidet.

16. God is my light—O ne'er, my soul.....No. 263  
Mel. Gott ist getreu, sein Herz u.
17. God moves with loving kindness e'er..... 266  
Mel. Was Gott thut das ist wohl gethan.
18. Grant us, Lord! due preparation.....212  
Mel. Herr! du wollst uns vorbereiten,  
" Wachet auf so ruft die Stimme.
19. Great God! what do I see and hear..... 342  
Mel. Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.
20. How great the goodness of th' Almighty..... 303  
Mel. Wie gross ist des Allmacht'gen Guete.
21. I now have found for hope of heaven..... 91  
Mel. Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden; or,  
" Noch sing ich hier aus dunkler Ferne.
22. Jesus! be our Guide..... 262  
Mel. Jesu! geh' voran.  
" Seelenbraeutigam.
23. Let me be Thine forever..... 188  
Mel. Lass mich dein sein und bleiben.  
" Herzlich thut mich verlangen.
24. Lord how shall we be meeting..... 143  
Mel. Wie soll ich dich empfangen.
25. Man's life and nature by the fall..... 23  
Durch Adam's Fall ist.
26. Now all to God give thanks..... 8  
Mel. Nun danket alle Gott.
- 27 O God, look down from heav'n, we pray..... 191  
Mel. Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh darein.
28. O God the Father draw Thou nigh..... 182  
Tr. of "Gott der Vater wohn," &c. (L. M. D.)
29. O Holy Ghost, descend, we pray..... 177  
Mel. O Heil'ger Geist, kehr' bei uns ein; or,  
" Wie schoen leucht uns der Morgenstern.
30. O Lord! uphold us by Thy word..... 192  
Mel. Erhalt' uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort.
31. O Lord! we would praise Thee..... 1  
Mel. Herr Gott! dich loben wir.
32. O praise the Lord, His name extol..... 187  
Tr. of Gelobet sei der Herr. (C. M. D.)
33. O sacred head! now wounded..... 163  
Mel. O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden; or,  
" Herzlich thut mich verlangen.

34. O that I had a thousand voices.....No. 185  
 Mel. O dass ich tausend Zungen hatte.
35. Our God is true—they He will ne'er forsake..... 22  
 Mel. Gott ist getreu! sein Herz, sein Vaterherz.
36. Praise thou the Lord, the omnipotent..... 4  
 Mel. Lobe den Herren den maechtigen.
37. Rejoice, ye ransomed of the Lord..... 90  
 Mel. Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g.
38. Some with Jesus are delighted..... 231
39. Soon in the grave my flesh shall rest..... 334  
 Mel. Lobt Gott, ihr Christen, allzugleich.
40. The cross to bear with want and care..... 228
41. The earth, where'er I turn mine eye..... 15  
 Mel. Wenn ich, o Schoepfer, deine Macht; or,  
 " Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.
42. The fountain flows, waters of..... 63  
 Mel. Das Bruenlein quillt—das Lebensw.; or,  
 " Gott ist getreu, der ueber meine u.
43. Thine honor rescue righteous Lord..... 105  
 Mel. Rett' O, Herr Jesu! rett dein Ehr.
44. This man sinners doth receive..... 66  
 Mel. Jesus nimmt die suender an; or,  
 " Jesus meine Zuversicht.
45. Thou little flock be not afraid..... 106  
 Mel. Verzage nicht, du Haeuflein klein.
46. Thou who in the baptismal wave..... 209  
 Mel. Du Volk\* das du getauft bist; or,  
 " Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.
47. Thy soul, O Jesus! hallow me..... 46  
 Mel. Die Seele Christi heil'ge mich.
48. To us salvation now has come ..... 89  
 Mel. Es ist das Heil uns kommen her.
49. Up, follow me, says Christ our Lord ..... 232  
 Mel. Mir nach spricht Christus unser Held.
50. Who knows how near my life's ..... 333  
 Mel. Wer weisz wie nahe mir mein ende.
51. Jesus lives and I with Him ..... 108  
 Jesus lebt! mit ihm auch ich.  
 Mel. Jesus meine Zuversicht.

# INDEX.

EXPLANATIONS.—The \* denotes that changes have been made by the Committee, either in the phraseology, accentuation or sentiment of the hymn. The numerals at the ends of lines designate verses stricken out. Do. at the beginning of lines designate verses either added or restored by Committee. The names of the authors or sources whence the Committee derived the hymns follow the lines. Where two names follow the lines, the first is that of the translator, the second of the author. Tr. before the name of the author denotes that the hymn is translated from the German and translator's name unknown to Committee. The † denotes that the hymn has not been published in other English hymn-books.

According to Thy gracious word,*	Montgomery,	217
Again the Lord of life and light.....	Mrs. Barbauld,	117
Again from calm and sweet repose,*	Union Hymns,	309
Ah! how shall fallen man.....		30
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,*	Watts,	159
All must die, there's no exception, 6, 7, 8	Mills—Albinus,	325
All that by nature writhing lies. (pt. 2d,)†	M. Loy—Gerhardt,	209
Almighty Father! heavenly King!		270
Almighty God, I call to Thee,*†	Pittsburg Missionary—Luther,	241
Almighty God, Thy word is east	N. York Col.	111
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	Watts,	230
An awful mystery is here,†	M. Loy,	223
And must this body die.....	Watts,	340
And now the sun hath sunk to rest,†	Churchman, (J. H. K.)	312
And shall we still be slaves,*	N. York Col.,	227
And will the Judge descend	Doddridge,	350
Angel roll the rock away.....	Gibbon,	164
Angels from the realms of glory.....	Steele,	147
Arm of the Lord, awake!.....	Grant,	137
A safe stronghold our God is still.....	Tr.—Luther,	190
As body when the soul has fled.....		78
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.*		337
Aspire, my heart, on high to live!	Mills—Hiller,	92
Assembled in our school once more.....	Union Hymns,	284
As the eagle fondly hovers.....	Mills—Gerhardt,	17
Astonished and distressed.....	Toplady,	32
At Jesus' feet, our infant sweet,†	M. Loy,	207
Awake, my soul, and with the sun,*	Kenn,	306
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	Medley,	42

Backward with humble shame we look. (See "To all that's good," &c.)	24
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	Watts, 293
Behold a stranger at the door!.....	Gregg, 58
Behold th' amazing sight.....	Doddridge, 160
Behold the man! how heavy lay,*.....	B. Muentzer, 162 -
Behold the morning sun.....	Watts, 201
Behold the Saviour of mankind.....	Percy Ch. Col., 156
Behold what condescending love,*.....	Fawcett, 204
Behold where in a mortal form.....	Enfield, 39
Blest is the man, forever blest.....	Watts, 93
Blest is the man whose heart expands.....	J. Strapham, 274
Blest Jesus, when Thy cross I view.....	Watts, 44
Blest with the joys of innocence,*.....	Watts, 27
Bread of Heav'n, on Thee we feed.....	Conder, 221
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.....	Heber, 154
Bright King of glory, sov'reign God!*.....	Watts, 33
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	Tappan, 276
Childhood and youth, how vain they seem!.....	285
Christ Jesus, Lord! to us attend,† <i>L. Hey!</i> — <i>Wm. II of Saxe-Weimar</i> ,	189 -
Come, Holy Ghost! come from on high.....	Reed, 206
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	Hart, 178
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove.....	Watts, 174
Come, humble soul, receive the food,†.....	M. Loy, 224 - 6
Come, let our mournful songs record.....	Watts, 155
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....	Watts, 41
Come, let us join the hosts above.....	281
Come, my heart, no longer, 2 to 7,†.....	J. Salyards—Woltersdorf, 225 -
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	Newton, 70
Come, sound His praise abroad.....	Watts, 5
Commit thou all thy griefs.....	J. Wesley, 261
Commit thy way confiding.....	Mills—Gerhardt, 251 -
Dearest Jesus! we are here,†.....	M. Loy—Schmolke, 208 -
Dearest of all the names above.....	Watts, 86
Dear Saviour draw my soul away,*.....	Brown, 324
Dear Saviour. if these lambs should stray.....	Hyde, 273
Dear Saviour! when my thoughts recall,*.....	Steele, 68
Dear Shepherd of Thy people, here.....	Newton, 129
Death has been here and borne away.....	Union Hymns, 330
Deep are the wounds which sin has made.....	Steele, 81
Dread Sov'reign let my ev'ning song, (See "Great Sov'reign," &c.,	317
Enslaved by sin and bound in chains.....	Steele, 33
Eternal Source of ev'ry joy.....	Doddridge, 294
Eternity! terrific word,*.....	Tr.—Rist, 344 -
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,*.....	Turner, 72
Father in whom we live.....	Wesley, 186
Father of all our mercies, Thou.....	Urwick, 234
Father of all whose love profound.....	184

Father of glory! to Thy name.....	Watts,	183
Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,*.....	Beddome,	122
Father of mercies in thy word.*.....	Mrs. Steele,	195
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.....	Watts,	246
Father to Thee my soul I lift.....		53
Father! Thy rich Spirit I shed,*†.....	Rev. Dr. Gilman,	121
Flung to the heedless winds.....	Tr.—Luther,	258
Foll'wers of our Lord above,†.....	L. Heyl—Klopstock,	218
Forsake us not, O Lord! be near,†.....	L. Heyl—Selnecker,	103
Fountain of mercy, God of love—(See "O! Fount," &c.)	Psalmist,	298
Frequent the day of God returns—(See "How oft the," &c.)	Brown,	120
From deep distress to Thee I pray.....	Mills—Luther,	253
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	Heber,	135
Give to our God immortal praise.....	Watts,	3
Glorious things of Thee are spoken.....	Newton,	99
Glory be to God on high.....	New-York Col.,	10
Glory to Thee my God this night.....	Kenn,	313
God in human flesh appearing.†.....	M. Loy—Hiller,	34
God is my light, O! ne'er my soul despair,*.....	Tr.—Henstenberg,	263
God is the refuge we have near,(5, 6, 7, )†	Ch. of Eng. Mag. (G. M. B.)	252
God moves in a mysterious way.....	Cowper,	21
God moves with loving kindness e'er,†.....	L. Heyl—Rodegast,	266
God of merey, God of grace!.....	Lyte,	69
God of mercy hear our pray'r.....	Campbell,	275
God reigns, events in order flow.....		18
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	Montgomery,	233
Grace, 'tis a charming sound, 4.....	Doddridge,	47
Gracious Spirit, Lord divine.....	Stocker,	179
Grant us, Lord! due preparation.†.....	L. Heyl—Klopstock,	212
Great first of Beings! mighty Lord.....	Episcopal Col.,	11
Great God as seasons disappear.....	Campbell's Col.,	296
Great God! we sing that mighty hand.....	Doddridge,	152
Great God! what do I see and hear,*.....	Tr.—Ringwald,	342
Great is our God, and merciful, 3,†.....	Ch. of England Magazine,	297
Great is the Lord our God.....	Watts,	102
Great Maker of unnumbered worlds.....	Dyer,	291
Great Sov'reign let mine ev'ning song,*.....	Watts,	317
Great was the day, the joy was great,*.....	Watts,	181
Hail! Thou once despised Jesus.....	Wingrove,	45
Hail to the Lord's anointed.....	Montgomery,	142
Happy is he whose early years.....	Watts,	272
Hark! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear.....	Smith,	56
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,.....	Doddridge,	138
Hark! the song of jubilee.....	Montgomery,	43
Hark! what celestial notes.....	Salisbury Col.,	146
Hasten, O sinner, to be wise.....	Fawcett,	60
Heav'nly Father! grant Thy blessing.....	Union Hymns,	287
Help me, O Lord, to trust in Thee,*†.....	American Messenger,	279
Here at Thy table, Lord, we meet,*.....	Stennett,	220



Here in thy name eternal God,*	Montgomery,	126
High in yonder realms of light	Raffles,	348
High let us swell our tuneful notes, 5	N. Y. Col.,	151
Hither ye faithful, haste with songs, &c	Sir R. Grant,	148
Holy Bible! book divine		202
Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness	Toplady,	175
Hosanna to the royal Son,	Watts,	150
Hosanna with a cheerful sound, 3, 4	Watts,	300
How beauteous are their feet	Watts,	88
How great the goodness of th' Almighty,†	Heyl 1, Loy 2—Gellert,	303
How heavy is the night,*	Watts,	96
How helpless guilty nature lies.	Steele,	31
How long shall dreams of creature bliss		29
How oft the day of God returns,*	Brown,	120

I know that my Redeemer lives	Medley,	167
I love Thy Zion, Lord!*	Dr. Dwight,	97
I love to steal awhile away,* (See "Dear Saviour draw," &c.	Brown,	324
Indulgent Father, by whose care	London Ev. Mag.,	314
Indulgent God! to Thee I raise,*	Rippon's Col.,	243
I now have found for hope of heaven	Mills—Rothe,	91
In vain would boasting reason find		83
Is this Jesus, then, the Lord,†	Churchman, (Z.)	139
I thank Thee Saviour for the grief,†	M. Loy,	240

Jehovah's grace, how full, how free!	Hoskins,	49
Jerusalem, my happy home	Montgomery,	349
Jesus, and shall it ever be		259
Jesus be our Guide,†	L. Heyl—Zinsendorf,	262
2, 3, Jesus invites His saints,*	Watts,	216
Jesus lives! and I with Him,*	Tr—Gellert,	168
Jesus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace	Doddridge,	250
Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord		203
Jesus, our triumphant Head	N. Y. Col.,	171
Jesus, Saviour, Son of God		271
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	Watts,	98
Jesus Thy blessings are not few	Watts,	50
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness	C. Wesley,	95
Joy to the world! the Lord has come	Watts,	141
Just as I am, without one plea	Songs in the Night,	64

Laden with guilt and full of fears,* (See "Oppressed with," &c,	Watts,	199
Lamb of God, we fall before Thee		84
Let all the heathen writers join,*	Watts,	196
Let ev'ry ear attend,	Watts,	54
† Let me be Thine forever,†	M. Loy—Selnecker,	188
Let the whole race of creatures lie	Watts,	16
Let thoughtless thousands choose the road,*	Hoskins,	244
Lift not thou the wailing voice	Doane,	396
Lord cause Thy face on us to shine		124
Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing	Rippon,	112



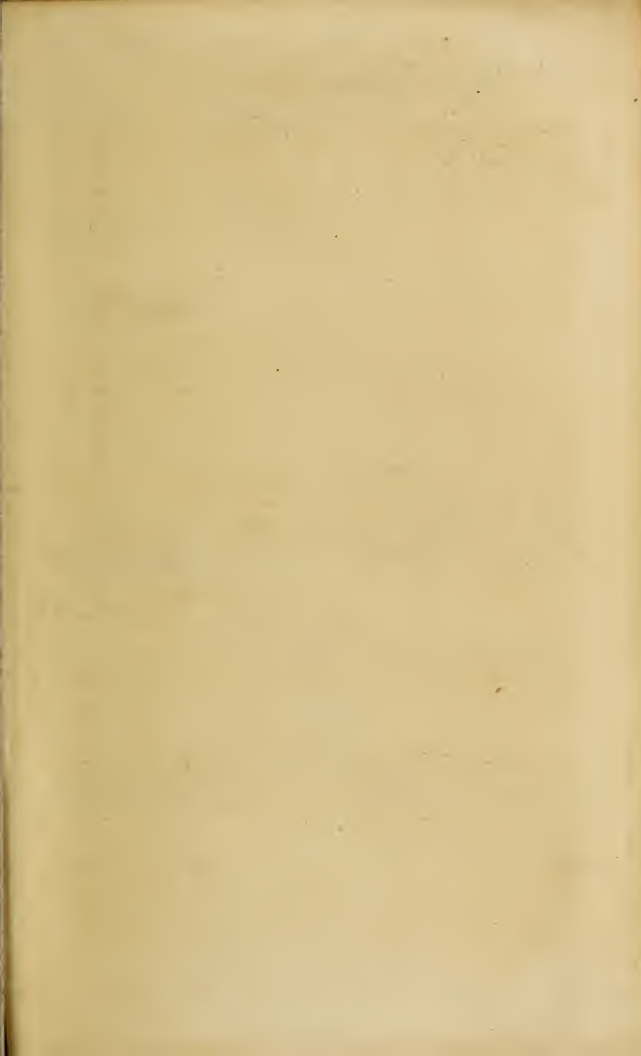
Lord how shall I be meeting, 4, 7, 9†.....	<i>Alexander — Gerhard,</i>	143
Lord I am Thine, entirely Thine.....	<i>Davis,</i>	131
Lord I am vile, conceived in sin,*.....	<i>Watts,</i>	25
Lord, in the days of youth,* 2.....	<i>Dobell's Col.,</i>	280
Lord I would own Thy tender care.....	<i>Union Hymns,</i>	269
Lord Jesus Christ! to Thee we pray,†.....	<i>Reynolds—Luther,</i>	214
Lord let Thy goodness lead our land.....	<i>Pratt's Col.,</i>	292
Lord of my life, O may Thy praise, 3.....	<i>Mrs. Steele,</i>	302
Lord of the Sabbath and its Light—(See "Thou Source of, &c.)...)		119
Lord, we come before Thee now.....	<i>Hart,</i>	110
Lord, we confess our num'rous faults.....	<i>Watts,</i>	85
Lo, the day is springing,* †.....	<i>Churchman, (F.)</i>	149
Lo, what a pleasing sight.....	<i>N. Y. Col.,</i>	248
Man's life and nature by the fall, (4 verses)†...)	<i>M. Loy—Spangler,</i>	23
May the grace of Christ our Saviour.....	<i>Newton,</i>	115
Midnight darkness veils the sky,* †.....	<i>Churchman, (J. H. H.)</i>	265
Mistaken souls that dream of heav'n.....	<i>Watts,</i>	76
Mourn not ye, whose child hath found ..)	<i>Union Hymns,</i>	329
My Father! cheering name ..)	<i>N. Y. Col.,</i>	255
My God, how endless is Thy love,*.....	<i>Watts,</i>	290
My God, I love Thee—not because,* †.....	<i>Caswall—Xavier,</i>	264
My song shall bless the Lord of all.....	<i>Cowper,</i>	36
My soul, repeat His praise, (2).....	<i>Watts,</i>	9
Not all the blood of beasts,*.....	<i>Watts,</i>	75
Not by the law of innocence,*.....	<i>Watts,</i>	74
Now all to God give thanks,†.....	<i>Mills—Rinckart,</i>	8
Now be that sacrifice surveyed.....	<i>N. Y. Col.,</i>	247
Now from labor and from care,†.....	<i>Musical World,</i>	323
Now the shades of night are gone ..)	<i>Village Hymns,</i>	308
Now the star of day hath risen,†.....	<i>Churchman, (J. H. H.)</i>	304
O bless the Lord, my soul!.....	<i>Watts,</i>	7
Of God is born he who believes,†.....	<i>L. Heyl,</i>	226
O! Fount of mercy, God of love,*.....	<i>Psalmist,</i>	298
O God! look down from heav'n, we pray.....	<i>Reynolds—Luther,</i>	191
O God of Jacob, by whose hand.....	<i>Logan,</i>	245
O God, the Father! draw Thou nigh,†.....	<i>M. Loy—Luther,</i>	182
O, Great High Priest, forget not me,†.....	<i>M. Loy,</i>	239
Oh! for a faith that will not shrink ..)	<i>Shrubsole,</i>	79
O! Holy Ghost, descend, we pray.....	<i>Reynolds—Schirmer,</i>	177
O! in the morn of life, when youth.....	<i>Episcopal Col.,</i>	278
O, let triumphant faith dispel.....	<i>Episcopal Col.,</i>	77
O Lord my God, to Thee I cry,* †.....	<i>American Messenger, (K.)</i>	305
O Lord! our God, arise ..)	<i>Wardlaw,</i>	136
O Lord! our languid souls inspire, 4.....	<i>Newton,</i>	108
O Lord! uphold us by Thy word ..)	<i>Reynolds—Luther,</i>	192
O Lord! we would praise Thee,† ..)	<i>Reynolds—From Luther's Germ.,</i>	1
O, my soul, what means this sadness.....	<i>Farwell,</i>	254
Once more before we part ..)	<i>Griffin's Sel.</i>	114

On Judah's plains, as shepherds kept,* 6	<i>Heber</i> , 145
On the mountain's top appearing	<i>Kelly</i> , 100
On this sweet morn my Lord arose,	<i>Berridge</i> , 311
On what has now been sown,	<i>Union Hymns</i> , 238
O pour Thy Spirit from on high	<i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> , 123
Oppressed with guilt and full of fears,*	<i>Watts</i> , 199
O praise the Lord! His name extol, 4, †	<i>Tr.—J. Olearius</i> , 187
O sacred Head! now wounded	<i>Alexander—Gerhardt</i> , 163
O! that I had a thousand voices	<i>Mills—Mentzer</i> , 185
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows	<i>Haweis</i> , 233
O Thou whose mercy guides my way	<i>Randall's Col.</i> 333
Our Father, who dost dwell on high	<i>Union Hymns</i> , 319
Our God is true, them will He ne'er forsake	<i>Mills—Liebig</i> , 22
Our heav'nly Father, hear	<i>Montgomery</i> , 237
Our Lord has risen from the dead	<i>C. Wesley</i> , 173
Our nature fell in Adam's fall, † (Im. of Germ.)	<i>M. Loy</i> , 26
Our Shepherd to His ransomed flock, †	<i>M. Loy</i> , 222
O, where shall rest be found	<i>Montgomery</i> , 346
O, Zion's King, we suppliant bow	125
Pardoned through redeeming grace,*	211
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed	<i>Braithwaite's Col.</i> , 82
Peace be to this habitation	321
Peace! the welcome sound proclaim	<i>N. Y. Col.</i> , 290
People of the living God	<i>Montgomery</i> , 134
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	<i>Watts</i> , 87
Praise thou the Lord, the omnipotent, &c., †	<i>J. H. Good—Neander</i> , 4
Pray'r is the soul's sincere desire	<i>Logan</i> , 236
Proclaim, said Christ, God's wondrous grace	<i>N. Y. Col.</i> , 210
Raise your triumphant songs	<i>Watts</i> , 140
Rejoice, ye ransomed of the Lord	<i>Reynolds—Luther</i> , 90
Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,*	<i>Watts</i> , 170
Remember thy Creator now	<i>S. F. Smith</i> , 283
Return, O wanderer, return	<i>Collyer</i> , 67
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path	<i>Needham</i> , 257
Rise, O my soul, the hours review	94
Rock of ages, cleft for me!	<i>Toplady</i> 80
Salvation, O, the joyful sound!	<i>Newton</i> , 51
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	<i>Union Hymns</i> , 320
Saviour, Father, Brother, Friend,*	<i>Doddridge</i> , 205
Saviour, when in dust to Thee,*	<i>Grant</i> , 65
Self-righteous souls on works rely	<i>Dobell's Col.</i> , 48
Shall man, O God of life and light,*	<i>Dwight</i> , 341
Since Jesus freely did appear	<i>Berridge</i> , 267
Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts	<i>Watts</i> , 28
So fades the lovely blooming flow'r	<i>Mrs. Steele</i> , 323
So let our lips and lives express,*	<i>Watts</i> , 229
Some with Jesus are delighted, †	<i>Am. Sunday School Jour.—German</i> , 231
Songs of immortal praise belong	<i>Watts</i> , 12

Songs of praise the angels sang .....	Montgomery,	6
Soon as the morn with roses .....	Union Hymns,	310
Soon in the grave my flesh shall rest .....	Mills—Knapp,	324
Spirit divine, attend our pray'r .....	Reed,	123
Spirit of Holiness, look down .....	Bathurst,	180
Spirit of truth, on this Thy day .....	N. Y. Col.,	176
Stricken, smitten and afflicted .....	Kelley,	157
Sweet is the scene where Christians die* .....	Barbauld,	335

Teach me the measure of my days,* .....	Watts,	326
Thanks for mercies past, receive .....	N. Y. Col.,	116
The cross to bear with want and care,*† .....	Anderson—Luther,	223
The day is past and gone, 2 .....	N. Y. Col.,	315
The day of wrath, that dreadful day .....	W. Scott,	343
The earth, where'er I turn mine eye .....	Mills—Gellert,	15
Thee we adore, eternal Word! .....	Rippon's Col.,	35
The fountain flows; waters of life bestowing(2 & 4) .....	Mills—Allendorf,	63
The law by Moses came,* 3. ....	Watts,	200
The Lord is ris'n indeed .....	Kelly,	166
The Lord my pasture shall prepare .....	Addison,	19
The Lord of life with glory crowned .....	N. Y. Col.,	172
The man is ever blest .....	Watts,	59
The morning flow'rs display their sweets,* .....	C. Wesley,	329
The peace which God alone reveals .....	Newton,	113
There is a happy land .....	Union Hymns,	353
There is a land of pure delight .....	Watts,	347
There is an hour of hallowed peace .....	Union Coll.,	352
There is an hour of peaceful rest .....	W. B. Tappan,	351
There is beyond the sky .....	Watts,	345
The saints on earth and those above .....	Newton,	101
The Saviour calls, let ev'ry ear,* .....	Steele,	57
The spacious firmament on high,* .....	Addison,	13
The Spirit breathes upon the word,* .....	Cowper,	198
The Spirit in our hearts .....	Episcopal Col.,	62
* Thine honor rescue, righteous Lord!† .....	M. Loy—Herrmann,	105
This is the day the Lord hath made .....	Wat's,	169
This is the feast of heav'nly wine .....	Cowper,	213
This man sinners doth receive .....	Mills—Neumeister,	66
This place is holy ground,* .....	Montgomery,	332
Thou art the way, to Thee alone .....	Doane,	40
Thou little flock, be not afraid,† .....	M. Loy—Altenberg,	106
Thou Source of heav'nly peace and light,* .....		119
Thou who in the baptismal wave, (pt. 1st) .....	M. Loy—Gerhardt,	209
Through the day Thy love hath spared us .....	Union Hymns,	313
Thus far the Lord has led me on .....	Watts,	322
Thy glory's fled, Jerusalem,† .....	Church of England Magazine,	104
Thy presence, gracious God afford .....	Fawcett,	109
Thy soul, O Jesus, hallow me,† .....	M. Loy—Angelus,	46
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design .....	Holloway's Col.,	20
'Tis by the faith of joys to come,* .....	Watts,	73
To all that's good, averse and blind, (1, 5) .....	Watts,	24
To our Redeemer's glorious name .....	Stede,	161

To praise the ever bounteous Lord.....	<i>Rippon's Col.</i> , 295
To praise the Saviour's name .....	282
To Thee this temple we devote .....	<i>J. R. Scott</i> , 130
To us salvation now has come,* .....	<i>Mills—Speratus</i> , 89
'Twas by an order from the Lord,* .....	<i>Watts</i> , 194
'Twas for our sake, eternal God .....	<i>Watts</i> , 158
'Twas on that dreadful, doleful night .....	<i>Watts</i> , 215
Up, follow me! *† 3, 4, 5. <i>Germ. Ref. Mess. (L. H., Jr.)—Silestus</i> , 232	
Watchman! tell us of the night.....	<i>Bowring</i> , 144
Welcome, sweet day of rest,* .....	<i>Watts</i> , 118
Welcome, thou well-beloved of God .....	<i>Godwin</i> , 132
We lift our hearts to Thee .....	<i>Meth. Col.</i> 307
We sing th' Almighty pow'r of God .....	<i>Minstrel</i> , 14
What language now salutes the ear! .....	<i>Hoskins</i> , 55
When all Thy mercies, O my God .....	<i>Addison</i> , 260
When I can read my title clear .....	<i>Watts</i> , 256
When Israel through the desert passed,* .....	<i>Beddome</i> , 197
When I survey the wondrous cross,* .....	<i>Watts</i> , 242
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay .....	<i>Gibbons</i> , 249
When, O dear Jesus, when shall I,* .....	<i>Ceunick</i> , 316
When streaming from the eastern skies,* .....	<i>Lord Glenelg</i> , 301
Where rolls the stormy billow, 2, 4, †.....	<i>Rev. B. D. Winslow</i> , 286
Where two or three with sweet accord.....	<i>Stennett</i> , 107
While o'er our guilty land, O Lord, 3 .....	<i>Davies</i> , 289
While Thee I seek, protecting pow'r .....	<i>Mrs. Williams</i> , 235
While with ceaseless course the sun .....	<i>Newton</i> , 153
Who are these in bright array .....	<i>Montgomery</i> , 354
Who knows how near my life's expended,* .....	<i>Aemilia Julianna</i> , 333
Why am I thus with plenty blest,†.....	<i>Churchman, (A. M. H.)</i> 71
Why do we mourn departing friends?.....	<i>Watts</i> , 331
Why should we start and fear to die.....	<i>Watts</i> , 327
With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue .....	52
With grateful hearts and tuneful lays,*.....	<i>Lee</i> , 268
With humble faith and fervent zeal .....	<i>Dobell's Col.</i> , 127
With humble heart and tongue.....	<i>Fawcett</i> , 277
Ye foll'wers of the Prince of peace, (3).....	<i>N. Y. Col.</i> , 219
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm .....	<i>Doddridge</i> , 61
Ye humble souls, approach your God.....	<i>Steele</i> , 2
Ye men and angels, witness now.....	<i>Beddome</i> , 133
Ye saints, proclaim abroad.....	<i>Ryland</i> , 37
Yes, the Redeemer rose .....	<i>Doddridge</i> , 165
Zion stands, with hills surrounded .....	<i>Kelly</i> , 193



Dr.  
No. 207. Long, 1000000000, "Crest!"  
x 1000000000

Originals

Zinn Days

Log. 2000  $\frac{1}{2}$  - 26, <sup>N</sup>217, <sup>N</sup>222, <sup>N</sup>223,  
N. 224, 235, 240.

*J. Salysius* <sup>Linn.</sup> *N. vultus*

5-1 Kyo fr. the Ser.

63  
9. Loy -  $\begin{array}{r} +26 \text{ or} \\ 23, 34, 46, 105, 106, 182, 188, \\ 208, 209 \end{array}$

7 by Hayl -  $\begin{array}{r} \text{or} \\ 100, 189, 212, 218, 262, 266, \\ 303, \end{array}$

1 by Salyards -  $\begin{array}{r} \text{or} \\ 225 - \text{not recorded} \end{array}$

4 by F. H. Good

5 by R. J. ...





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